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The great sales of the GOLD CLARION prove the fact that it is the

Most Successful and Most Popular Range in the Market.

We warrant the CLARION to comprise more improvements than any other make.

Made in every variety and style wanted, by skilful mechanics, from the best materials.

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SEND for 32-page Book of Testimonials.

BANGOR, MAINE.

WOOD, BISHOP & CO.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of ZIBA P. HANKS, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to ELWYN H. HANKS.

May 25, 1891. 3m*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administratrix, with will annexed, on the estate of ELIZA HAMILTON, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to MARILLA J. HALL.

May 25, 1891. 3m*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of LIZZIE H. FARROTT, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to BENJ. F. FARROTT.

May 25, 1891. 3m*

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Maine Farmer.

Fairs to Occur.

Aroostook County Agricultural Society—At Houlton, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
Eastern Maine—At Bangor, Sept. 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th.
East Somerset—At Hartland, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.
North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Waterville, Aug. 25th and 26th.
North Aroostook—At Presque Isle, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Ossipee Valley—At Cornish, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.
State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.
South Kennebec—At South Windsor, on the Society's Grounds, Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st.
Somerset Central—Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth Farmers' Association—At Pleasant Hill, Scarboro, Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st.
West Penobscot—At Exeter, Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st.
Waldo County—At Belfast Park, Sept. 29th and 30th.
York County—At Saco, Aug. 25th, 26th and 27th.
York County Horse Breeders' Association—Fall meeting at Saco, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th.

You'll find it in all the professions—
In pulpit, on farm, and in shop,
As well as in strawberry boxes—
The best always get to the top.

The Massachusetts legislature has given two-thirds of the new Morrill State College grant to the Agricultural College at Amherst, and one-third to the Institute of Technology, being the same proportionate division as of the original grant.

The following is Mr. T. A. Havemeyer's ration for the Mountain Side Farm herd of Jerseys, as given by his manager, Mr. John Mayer:

Winter—8 lbs. corn meal, 2 lbs. bran, 4 lbs. ground oats, 2 lbs. oil meal, 7 lbs. hay and 25 lbs. ensilage, divided into three feeds; hay at noon, ensilage morning and night.

Summer—4 lbs. corn meal, 2 lbs. bran, 6 lbs. ground oats, 2 lbs. oil meal, 30 lbs. ensilage, divided into three feeds.

The *Merkel* is a new red raspberry that appears among the new favors. It is distinct from other varieties, and offers several valuable qualities. The great peculiarity about it is, that it does not throw up suckers or root sprouts, as the other reds all do. The plants form large, tree-like bushes, that are claimed to be hardy and exceedingly productive. The berries are firm and of excellent quality, having a peculiar currant flavor, which gives them a sprightly, pleasant taste. In color they are somewhat darker than Cuthbert; size and shape about like Gregg.

We know of nothing that can be more properly denominated "poor property" than an old rickety mowing machine. If one has any considerable amount of hay to harvest, economy requires that he have good appliances for carrying on the work. Dependence on an old worn out machine, that is liable to break down and throw a crew of men out of work for a day in the best of the season, and when progress is most urgent, is liable to cost far more than any possible gain. A single day of such loss may be more than the old machine is worth any way. New mowers are now sold at prices that leave little room to throw away much time or money in breakdowns, or on repairs with old machines. Better to buy a new machine, and have one that can be relied upon.

The trustees of the State College have closed a contract with Messrs. Foster & Son of Waterville, for the new dairy building. The building is to be completed and ready for use at the opening of the next college year, August 1st. The building is to be put on a good foundation, and is to be thoroughly built throughout. Hinkley, Egery & Co., Bangor, are to furnish boiler and engine. The best apparatus made for both butter and cheese making will be provided. A butter extractor will be among these fixtures. It is probable that the services of Mr. Phillips of the Wisconsin Dairy School will be secured for instruction in cheese and butter making. He is highly recommended by Prof. Henry, one of the best authorities in dairy instruction in the country.

Mr. Editor: I have a Jersey cow, three years old, that gives thick milk in one teat occasionally. Can you tell me what I ought to do for her? Have been giving gargel root and saltpetre. Also, is there any known cure for maggot or grubs in sheep's heads? Have lost quite a number this spring by that cause. Will you please answer these questions, and oblige a friend?

S. W. C.

For the heifer giving thick milk, avoid giving heating food. For grain, linseed meal would be the best. Give liberal doses of sulphur in her feed twice a week. When the thick milk appears, bathe the udder with warm water, and rub thoroughly. Draw the thickened milk all out with much care.

For grub in the heads of sheep, see article on the subject in the *Farmer* of four weeks since.

The crop bulletin of the Board of Agriculture, published in full in the *Farmer* of last week, meets with the highest approval from agriculturists all over the State, and the plan of the board in gathering up this information and giving it to the public is highly commended. Mr. Hall C. Burleigh of Vassalboro expresses much gratification at the favorable outlook of the agriculture of the State at the opening of the year, and gives the work the compliment of being surprisingly full and accurate. D. B. Johnson of Freedom, an ex-member of the board from Waldo county, and long time a crop reporter for the Department of Agriculture at Washington, expresses himself as surprised at the fullness and detail of the bulletin. The grand showing of the agriculture of the State brought out by the many correspondents, he believed, must have a favorable effect on the general business of the State.

Farm Wages.

It seems to be the misfortune of farming to be misunderstood, and in great part to be misrepresented. Such seems to be the situation and condition of farm produce, and much that is related to it, that it is quite difficult to give it a fair showing, and more especially when any attempt is made at comparisons with other industries. Every one who has been in the way of employing farm help of late years knows that good American help is not plenty. This fact is especially apparent in the vicinity of cities and of large manufacturing towns. The common interpretation of this condition is that there has been, and is now still more, a tendency of laborers to leave the farms and congregate in the city and town; and the reason universally paraded before the public for this, is that the labor is better paid in the former than on the farm.

Labor Commissioner Mathews, according to the *Auburn Gazette*, referred to this matter in his recent address before the labor organizations at Auburn Hall, and introduced a comparison of figures showing, as was claimed, a gradual, yet sure and regular drifting apart of the comparative compensation for labor on the farm and in the factory, or, more properly, in the town. We here reproduce enough of these figures to show Mr. Mathews' representation:

Year.	Farm Hands' Wages.	Mechanics' Wages.
1783,	33	33
1791,	41	46
1801,	33	40
1810,	57	61
1820,	1.00	1.10
1830,	78	1.00
1840,	78	1.00
1845,	1.00	1.25
1850,	1.15	1.50
1855,	1.00	1.35
1860,	94	1.21
1870,	90	1.30
1880,	92	1.30
1885,	98	1.45

By inference these figures, whether they were used as an argument in that way or not, may be interpreted as a good and sufficient reason for the claimed increasing drift of labor from the country and the farms to the city and the shops. Further, they may be accepted, if unchallenged, as a full and sufficient reason by those concerned why such a course should be taken. In other words, they become a direct argument for the desertion of the country where laborers are always wanted, and a fleeing to the cities where always there is a surplus.

We do not charge Commissioner Mathews with intentionally misrepresenting the situation. We do claim the figures are not reliable, and that therefore they are misleading, and that farming, and the compensation it is rendering for its work, has to suffer in consequence. Instead of benefitting labor by this array of figures, it is misleading and injuring it.

The difficulty arises from the fact that we have no reliable statistics of pay to labor on the farm. This is just where the farm and its help gets misrepresented, and laborers get misled in consequence. There is no one at fault in the case. It is solely due to existing conditions of the industry. It is a simple matter to collect and set down the wages of the laborer in town at a dollar and a quarter and a half a day, and the mechanic at his two dollars. But when the wages of the farm are set down at twenty and twenty-five dollars a month, it means something more than the figures indicate. It means such board as the city workmen must pay—four and six dollars a week for it, if he hires it, and which costs him still more if he indulges in the luxury of a home of his own; it means washing and mending without cost; it means room rent gratis, and it gives a seat by the family fireside without cost of fuel or lights, and with books and papers, and every comfort and convenience enjoyed by the employer himself; it means leisure hours and slack days, and it means a steady employment and continuous pay. These are all matters of importance, and matters of money, but they never appear in the statistics of wages. Hence it becomes impracticable to give farm labor a fair showing in any statistical comparisons.

The writer of this article has employed a great deal of farm labor, and at the same time it has been done in sight of, and many times intimately connected with the different kinds of labor employed in the city. We have always employed American labor, and that which was first class of its kind, and we claim, without fear of its being disproved, that this labor has been better paid, for the amount of labor rendered, than the same class has realized in the same time in the city.

Besides, there is another great advantage, that cannot appear in statistics, from the steady employment of the farm. Said a mechanic to us, "give me steady employment, and I will say nothing about the wages tendered." It is the pay that goes along without interruption that counts up at the end of the year.

With our appreciation, then, of what good labor can realize on the farm, and with the knowledge we have of the unlimited demand for such, in our country towns, any representation to the laboring class of our people that shall tend to mislead as to the advantages offered by our farms, or that shall still further divert attention therefrom, we look upon as unfortunate. With the thousands of unemployed, waiting and begging for labor around the cities, and in the country with farms running down for the want of the labor that is not there, any one can easily see why we claim that at least the situation should not be aggravated, even though it cannot be corrected.

Hoeing Potatoes.

There is a difference in farmers. Some have a mind always receptive to new ideas and to improved methods and practices, and are actually willing to admit that in many of the simple operations of the farm there may be better methods introduced than was known in their earlier practice; others have become fixed in their ways and cannot for a moment admit the possibility of anything better; and we actually meet men, intelligent men, men of professions, if you please, who deserted the farm thirty or forty years ago at the age of seventeen who really feel to-day that they are masters of the business in all its details.

How shall a hill of potatoes be hoed? A hill of potatoes is a simple matter and the hoeing is not a complicated problem, yet if the answers to this question should correspond with practice they would be far enough from uniform. A difference of opinion and of practice over so simple a matter as a hill of potatoes would indicate that science in agriculture has not yet become very plainly intimated.

A difference in the yield of potatoes for a piece of similar soil in the same vicinity and in the same season of from one hundred bushels to even hundred would indicate that some one is in advance with his knowledge of how to grow a crop of potatoes, and that with many there is a great chance for further knowledge.

It is pretty good hoeing philosophy to claim that we hoe to kill weeds. Yet how many adhere to this law in the case of hoeing potatoes? Shall we hill potatoes in hoeing, or practice level culture as with corn? Can any one who does it tell why he hills potatoes in hoeing, and show that it is necessary at all?

Mr. Carmon, in his New Potato Culture, claims that potatoes should not be hilled. He advocates level culture absolutely, and claims to have proved in his practice that hilling is not only useless but actually tends to cut down the yield. If his conclusions are correct there has been a vast amount of force directed in this State to a reduction of the crop. Where is the man, plebeian or professor, who will tell us how to hoe a hill of potatoes?

Fruit Growing a Good Business.

To the young man who will go into fruit growing, large and small, as a principal business, we believe there is a good opening in any section of the State within convenient reach of a market, or on the line of a railroad leading to a market. It would be necessary for one to know how, of course, in order to succeed, for the harvest must be something other than failures. But an intelligent, painstaking man can, through study and observation, coupled with his practice, soon learn the requirements of the business and reach a full success. In the raising of small fruits, even, which are understood to be especially exacting in their requirements, we have known many cases of marked success with the first efforts. In our fruit literature, and in the minds of experienced operators, are to be found the knowledge needed, and one has only to consult these sources freely to learn the demands of the business.

It will be found far the better way to start a business of this kind on a small scale. In this way but little capital will be needed. Land here costs but little, and after the first small start the stock to plant out can be grown on the premises with much more economy than it can be purchased from others. Putting one's own time into the production of raspberry canes and strawberry plants that multiply themselves when given a chance, will prove to the beginner with only small means at command, a far safer course than to hire the money with which to buy them.

But a small amount of land is called for in this business. Young orchard trees do not monopolize the land on which they are set for some years, so the space between the rows can be given to the small fruits during the time the trees are coming forward to a condition of profit. This utilizes the land to advantage, and at the same time promotes, rather than otherwise, the growth of the permanent trees. There is no better opening for a young man of pluck, who is willing to work, than this business offers.

Paris Green for the Codlin Moth.

Much interest is now awakened in regard to the spraying of trees for the destruction of insects and other pests. The apple blossoms have now just arrived at the stage when it is claimed best to spray for the codlin moth. We copy the following directions from a bulletin of the Geneva, N. Y., Experiment Station, than which there is no better authority. If tried, there should be no delay in the matter:

To 300 gallons of water add one pound of Paris green, and stir thoroughly. This would be one-fourth pound of Paris green to 50 gallons of water, which about fills a common kerosene barrel. This is a very convenient formula, and saves measuring every time the supply is exhausted. Paris green is not dissolved in water in any appreciable amount, as many suppose, but simply is held in suspension by the water. This necessitates constant stirring, or the Paris green will settle to the bottom of the barrel, and the last few gallons in the tank or barrel will be much stronger than the first, and injure the foliage of the tree on which it is sprayed. It is recommended to add two or three gallons of water toward the last of the barrel; this will dilute the poison which has settled to the bottom, and avoid injury.

Paris green can be used on pear trees, and of the same strength as on the apple.

On the plum it should not be used in a stronger solution than one pound to 300 gallons of water.

On the peach and apricot, 350 to 400 gallons of water to one pound of the poison is recommended.

Before using stronger mixtures, test them on a few trees before applying in large quantities.

London purple is lighter than Paris green, and therefore remains in suspension for a greater length of time in water. It is not as safe to use as Paris green, for the reason that it contains quite a percentage of soluble arsenic, which burns the foliage. We therefore recommend the testing each time a new supply is purchased, by spraying one tree with the mixture, and allowing sufficient time to elapse to determine the amount of injury, if any, before applying to the entire orchard. Use about the same proportions as of Paris green.

Eastern Maine Fair.

President Bass of the Eastern Maine Fair is pushing his preparations for the annual exhibition to be held at Maplewood Park, August 1-4. In his schedule of premiums to be issued in a few days he makes a new departure from the standing rules in so far as making one class only for Jersey stock where heretofore there has been a list of prizes for both Maine Register and Cattle Club Jerseys. This leaves it open for the best stock to win regardless of where its registry is recorded. An expert judge will be selected from each association, to make the awards at the exhibition.

Some substantial improvements in fixtures on the park are in progress of execution. Another large and elegant horse barn is being erected, 100 by 42 feet, which will be finished in box stalls and used for exhibition horses only, and thus giving the people a good chance to see and examine the animals. The track was heavily manured last fall, and this spring comes out in the best possible condition for use. A large number of chairs for use on the grand stand have been provided.

Among the novel attractions secured for this fair is the Miss Mertie Peck Combination, an equine performance of rare merit attracted great attention at the noted Brockton, (Mass.) fair and other occasions last year. This noted equestrienne performs with a team of sixteen running horses, herself riding two at a time. This attractive display will perform on the track between trots each day. Mr. Bass evidently intends to entertain the crowds of people he draws together at the fair.

Food for All Seasons.

—W. S. Van Natta, & Son, the well-known Hereford breeders at Fowler, Ind., had some fine cattle at the Chicago market two weeks ago. For nineteen head averaging 1,479 lbs. they obtained $6.50—the highest price of the year. Twelve head averaging 1,412 lbs. sold at $6.35.

—The Jersey cow Bisson's Bell—note of whose yearly record in butter production has been made from time to time—had placed a yield of 897 lbs. 1½ oz. to her credit May 12, with sixty-three of the 365 days yet remaining.

—Give me a good mixture and a close grass of timothy and red clover in the pasture field, and hay cut just before the height of bloom, cured as rapidly as possible and stored in good mows or barracks, while yet some of it had a greenish tinge, and I will defy any animal upon it more cheaply than upon any other kind of feed.—*John M. Stahl.*

—Who can be so simple as to suppose that our agricultural experiment stations will do much good, useful and effective work for the farmer so long as those who are practically responsible to nobody? As now managed, the chemists and other officers can go on working to advance their own personal aims and interests, in perfect indifference to the wishes of the agricultural public; and many, if not most of them, are doing so.—*Dr. Hoskins.*

—"You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat." "I say, pa, you are having a much better time of it now that you are living with us, ain't you?" remarked little Tommy.—*Society Journal.*

—A good agricultural paper is well defined by *Field and Farm*, of Denver, as "simply the medium through which progress in agriculture is reached—teaching each other." The editor is a link of communication as to "what our best farmers are doing, and how they are doing it."

—"He made money as a farmer, at good, old, honest work,
But he wished to make it faster, and so began to shirk.
He sold his farm, and put the cash into a mining scheme,
And after he runs an ash-cart behind a one-horse team."

—People do not talk to their horses enough; horses are highly intelligent, and while they cannot talk to you, seem to understand almost everything said to them. I have found by experience that a few words, spoken kindly to a horse when frightened, will very often do much toward quieting him, and upon a horse which is used to being talked to it will be a very good effect. I firmly believe more can be accomplished by use of the voice than by the whip and tugging at the reins.—*Colman's Rural World.*

—The earth, almost, has been divided into sheep ranges. Wherever wool will grow it is grown to some extent. It must compete with the open markets of the world, tariff or no tariff. Cheap production and not high prices is the point to be looked at. Where can grow the best wool at the least cost? Whoever he is, he is the man that will make money at wool growing.

—Boys, stick to the farm. A great many of you think that the large towns and cities afford better advantages, educationally, socially and financially, than the farm. As a rule it is not so. Educationally, the city may have some advantages, but any energetic country boy can get an education. To get a common school education, he has a much better chance than the city boy; while socially and financially the chances are certainly in favor of the farm. In the city you may get what sounds like big wages, but after you have paid your board and other expenses, you have but little if any more than you could have made on the farm. Then, too, the company which a new boy in the city gets into is governed by the best, and if he is entertained, he must expect to pay for it. You cannot leave your work at any time, then, to go to a picnic or an excursion, or hitch up in the evening to go pleasure riding, as you do on the farm; and if you are invited to called hard work, the average farmer can take life about the easiest and pleasantest of any of the hard working class.—*Young Farmer, in Homestead.*

A. H. Bailey of Sidney has sold his stallion Bailey Boy to Alton Thayer of Brockton, Mass., for a good round price. Bailey Boy by Kennebec, he by Independence, he by Gen. Knox. He has left some good colts in Sidney. George F. Wixson has one two years and 8 months old, stands 16 hands, that weighs 1025 lbs.; also one owned by George Knowlton, by the same dam, that is hard to beat. This horse has never been handled but very little, but has a big, open gait, and with proper handling will trot fast. He will stand at the present owner's stable, in Sidney Stockton, for a few mares, and then be handled for speed.

A contract was closed recently by Eastern parties for the purchase and feeding at Houston, Tex., of $350,000 worth of cattle for shipment to market east of the Mississippi River during the next three months. The cattle are to be fattened on cottonseed meal and hulls from the mills at Houston. There has been a $60,000 cash deposit placed in bank as guarantee.

Jersey Milk for Cheese.

In an editorial on the running the fat of Jersey milk into the whey-vat (see *Farmer* of May 14) we propounded the following question to *Hoard's Dairyman:*

Is it practicable, and if so, to what extent, for export handling to hold in the curds and transfer to the cheese the due share of the fat of a milk containing six per cent. of butter fat, as compared with a milk containing but four per cent. of fat? We have always contended that the extra fat of a rich Jersey milk, while in the natural state of a perfect emulsion, could be carried into a cheese.

The *Dairyman* copied the article entire, and replies at length to the queries raised. We copy the reply, though some of the readers of the *Farmer* may not fully agree with the claim "that four per cent. milk in a cheese is enough (fat) to make the best cheese in the world," as also some other of the premises taken:

The above are fair questions, candidly asked, and seem like an oasis in the field of vigorous inquiry after truth, when placed beside the ignorant sneers of those who sometimes assume to be sound and honest representatives of the cheese making interest—when they are neither.

The truth is, we are placed in new conditions in regard to cheese making since the advent of the butter cow, and the extension of the time of cheese making from about six spring and summer months, to all-the-year-round work. With only common cows, and their milk devoted to cheese making for the grass-growing season only, there were no such vital questions as confront us now, with hundreds of thousands of strictly butter cows, and millions more of them to come—we hope—and the floods of the milk of common cows well along in lactation, that becomes too rich for profitable cheese making, after even a scrub cow has been milked 7 months, unless it is either skimmed a little, or is used to dilute far thinner milk, before coagulation for cheese takes place.

The *Farmer* is informed that no one, to our knowledge, has held—and we surely have not—that *all* the excess of fat above four per cent. unavoidably be lost to the cheese curd, if attempts be made to manipulate and hold it; but this—that 4 per cent. milk in a cheese is enough to make the very best cheese of the world—that which rules the market, and the market and pay no more for richer cheese that is really poorer in practical, useful quality. It is further held that the fat wastes fast, just in proportion to its excess above that which is enough for the best cheese of the world. It will be seen this concedes that there will be more fat in cheese well made, from 5 per cent. milk than from 4, and more still from 6 per cent. milk, and so on. There will be some more weight, too, of cheese per 100 lbs. of milk, by the retention of that all excess above 4 per cent. (and some say 3 and 3½ per cent.) is not needed to make the cheese rich, plastic, palatable, healthful, long-keeping and merchantable, at the highest price that can be had in the world, and that it is a waste of the most valuable element of milk to crowd it where it is not needed, or ever paid for, at more than a cheese price per pound.

We do not claim, also, there is a good deal in "knowing how" to retain very nearly all the fat in even 3½ per cent. milk, and it takes careful and skilful manipulation to do it; but still, no amount of skill can make 3½ per cent. milk Almighty, that a pint cup will not hold a quart, at once filling. So neither will His same law permit a pound of dry caseine, assisted with water, to hold more than a given amount of fat in the cheese curd, and in such a way that the cheese can be cured perfectly, and not relax its hold on the fat it cannot "cheese," that is, thoroughly incorporated with the caseine and water. We owe no such meddlesome, Quixotic, broad stretch of courtesy—that was said to have been made from 8 per cent. milk, or rather milk enriched or "filled" with foreign cream; but the fat, instead of all being incorporated with the curd, had oozed out, and what had not already washed stood in drops of rancid butter fat, in the interstices of the texture of the monstrosity. We have made hundreds of tons of cheese from our own hands, many hundreds of tons more by proxy, and ought to be known by this time what can be sold for highest prices; and we unhesitatingly assert that such a cheese, made from 8 per cent. milk, could not be sold at scarce any price, in any normal cheese market, and that it would be a waste to make an article unfit for human consumption. Not one stomach in 100,000 could bolt an ounce per week of it, and not have something worse than the "Grip."

In dollars and cents, the Jersey cows, and of Guernseys, as well, to know these truths, and insist upon their application in all factories to which they deliver milk. In doing this, we do not insist it is always possible to skim the milk of cows for a few herds, in practical cheese making, for each farmer to get his own, for most of the warm months there is thin milk enough from common stock to mix with the rich, and then if the cheese is made right, it will get his own, and the cheese not be above what 4 per cent. milk will make, either. But just so soon as the test shows a large proportion of rich milk all the time, or through the acquired richness that being long in lactation brings to the milk of all good cows—then put the excess in a butter tub; and if any fool tells you you are a thief, tell him he would be a liar if he knew what he was taking about,—and go on preserving in future as in the past, each heart, and an unblanched front. When we were in our sins, and had not the good tools we have now—the Babcock test to know just how much fat to take, and the Cooley creamer to get it all, or without waste of a pound of skim milk in soured cream—we used to let some of the waste go on before our eyes, well knowing it was going, but practically powerless to stop it; but now we have the power, and can earn some more for ourselves by preach, and ought to, for we keep a double set of tools—and save a good deal more, per annum, for our clear-headed and satisfied customers, and we don't make any poor cheese, either.

The *Farmer* is further answered, by our saying that it is most likely true,—though we do not know it through personal manipulation of the milk,—that entire new, and very rich Jersey milk in the natural state of emulsion than it can be after standa few hours, and so *may* retain more per cent. of fat to the caseine. But we do not know that there could be any gain, after all, in these days when it is considered essential to the making of best cheese, that the milk be held and ripened to the correct point before the rennet is applied Besides, if the wait was made, it is a characteristic of such milk that it parts more easily with its fat than thinner milk, and unless *continuously* in motion we should expect such milk would separate more per cent. of fat than poorer milk. But even if successfully coagulated, it is considered a financial mistake to do it, for the excess of 2 lbs. of butter in 100 lbs. of the milk would be worth in the cheese simply its added weight, or 20 cts. worth, while on a butter plate it is worth 50 cts., and no fool education, he has a much better chance than the city boy; while socially and financially the chances are certainly in favor of the farm. In the city you may get what sounds like big wages, but after you have paid your board and other expenses, you have but little if any more than you could have made on the farm. Then, too, the company which a new boy in the city gets into is governed by the best, and if he is entertained, he must expect to pay for it. You cannot leave your work at any time, then, to go to a picnic or an excursion, or hitch up in the evening to go pleasure riding, as you do on the farm; and if you are invited to called hard work, the average farmer can take life about the easiest and pleasantest of any of the hard working class.—*Young Farmer, in Homestead.*

A. H. Bailey of Sidney has sold his stallion Bailey Boy to Alton Thayer of Brockton, Mass., for a good round price. Bailey Boy by Kennebec, he by Independence, he by Gen. Knox. He has left some good colts in Sidney. George F. Wixson has one two years and 8 months old, stands 16 hands, that weighs 1025 lbs.; also one owned by George Knowlton, by the same dam, that is hard to beat. This horse has never been handled but very little, but has a big, open gait, and with proper handling will trot fast. He will stand at the present owner's stable, in Sidney Stockton, for a few mares, and then be handled for speed.

A contract was closed recently by Eastern parties for the purchase and feeding at Houston, Tex., of $350,000 worth of cattle for shipment to market east of the Mississippi River during the next three months. The cattle are to be fattened on cottonseed meal and hulls from the mills at Houston. There has been a $60,000 cash deposit placed in bank as guarantee.

Communications.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

The Fallen Leader.

[Remarks of Dr. J. T. Cushing of Turner, at the Memorial Services on the late Hon. Rufus Prince, held by Androscoggin Pomona.]

Worthy Master, Brothers and Sisters: I cannot tell you how pained and shocked I was to learn of the death of our brother, the Master of the State Grange. It was so sudden, so unexpected to me, so far away at the time, that I could hardly believe it true; but on a more careful examination of the evidence, I saw it must all be too true. Thirty years ago my fortunes led me from my native State. At this time our departed brother was just rising into his early manhood, taking upon himself some of the duties and responsibilities of leadership, as they were thrust upon him by his fellow citizens. As an agricultural State, at that time, we presented a poor apology. Nature had denied to us what she had lavishly bestowed upon other States. Much of our soil was hard, rocky, and unproductive; our climate not so kindly disposed as in other States. It requires more energy, more pluck and more brains to succeed where nature has been very sparing in her gifts. Can we expect ever to succeed in any measure, and rank with other States? That was a question.

After an absence of twenty years I returned. And what a change! You who remained in the State and saw the change come, so gradual, and helped to produce it, can hardly realize it. I looked about to see who had been the foremost leader in working such a change; and you all know that my eye must rest upon our brother as one of the prime factors in this progress. His work in the Subordinate Grange, as Lecturer and its Master, can never be forgotten. He was a man who looked to the influence of small things, as well as a grand organizer of large bodies. He made two pieces of grass grow where one grew before; hence he was a benefactor to his race.

On my return to this town, ten years ago, I found our brother in the zenith of his usefulness and influence. He was active in everything that would better the condition of his fellow men, or lift up the State into a larger sphere of influence. He had been the custodian of many honorable and important trusts from the State, and soon was placed at the head of Maine's Agricultural Society, as its President, receiving an annual re-election to the last year of his life. The grandeur and greatness that he gave to that society are well known throughout the State. The benefits he conferred as Master of the State Grange, some of you who are members can speak of with more eloquence than I. Rarely do we see a man who has the ability to grasp the questions of such vast importance; and another, the highest that the State can afford, was among the prospects before him. But amid all his public cares and responsibilities, no one was more domestic than he loved his family. How I honored him for it! Well do I remember his conversation as he sat with me in my office one evening, a year ago; how he spoke of his children, their prospects, his interest in them all; and with what words of reverence and affection he spoke of his loved companion. Oh, there is a great blank in that character that does not embrace within the arms of its love those whom God has given to us to bless.

We have reason to be glad the popular recognition of our brother's abilities and services has been so prompt and hearty as to afford him not a little satisfaction. Ovations tributes, and now these sad, melancholy memorials. It can never be said that our departed brother had to wait for another generation to pronounce a just or generous verdict upon his career; the mind of the people of popular esteem were strewn along the whole line of his march. Men sometimes get more than their share of praise or blame while they live, but sooner or later the cloud of incense or the dark shadow of prejudice clears away, and the real character is more plainly seen. Highly as was the Master of our State Grange appreciated by all who came within the sphere of his influence, we can well afford to leave the final verdict to another generation.

Our honored leader has fallen, and we have a new lesson on human mortality. The manliest and mightiest leaders and the humblest and meanest followers bow alike to the awful mandate of death. Surely, since the death of our brother, "The mourners go about the streets." They are not confined to his household or to this town, but from Madawaska to York, and from Eastport to Megantic, "the mourners go about the streets."

Brothers and sisters of the Grange, the death of our Grand Master was sudden, shocking. May not your's be as sudden? May not the language of our departure is not the most important question for us to consider; but a greater question is, are we ready to answer the summons? Is our work done, and well done? Are we faithful, as Patrons of Husbandry, to our pledges and obligations? Are we making our lives a blessing to those around us? If so, the Great Grand Master above will say to us some day, sooner or later, "Well done, good and faithful servants; enter into the joys of your Lord."

For the Maine Farmer.

Jottings by Our Correspondent.

Saco Valley Creamery, West Buxton, was successfully run last season as a stock company, F. H. Hargraves, Pres., W. A. McCorrison, Treasurer. It is now leased for a term of years by Kenney & Hargraves, the butter being sold by the company directly to consumers. Among their customers in Boston is the Quincy House. Mr. Leonard Palmer, the butter maker, succeeds in making an article that suits their most fastidious customers. It took no little pluck and perseverance on the part of the officers to run through the first year as it was done, and done successfully, and it is now expected that the amount of butter will be nearly or quite doubled from last season. Among the largest patrons of the factory are John Martin, Frank Emery, Fred R. Wells, F. E. Woodman and J. Haley Smith.

Jos. Ridley, Springvale, has increased the length of his barn to 140 feet, keeps fifty head of cattle and horses. He sends his cream to the butter factory, has 17 cows in milk and 15 heifers of various ages.

I. L. Goodwin, Berwick, keeps a flock of about 25 sheep; good ones. His lambs, high grades of South Downs, the present season are sold at $5.50 per head, to be taken away by July 4th. They dressed from 30 to 35 lbs. at 3 mos. old. A.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Wonderful Record.

Editor Maine Farmer: The wonderful record of the Jersey cow Bisson's Belle 31141, beating all previous yearly records, is well worth the attention and admiration of the dairy public. This Tennessee cow, bred in the Island of Jersey, has made, since July 15, 1890, to May 27, 1891, 947 lbs., 12½ oz. of butter, thus winning the champion cup now held by Mr. Appleton's cow Eurotisama. Bisson's Belle has 48 days more before completing her year, and is due to calve soon, so that her record will go still higher. Her son, Bisson's Baker 27520, a yearling, sold at auction lately in Tennessee for $2255. These facts concerning the Jersey cow, although wonderful, are true witnesses of the great merit of the Jersey breed, and are very encouraging at this particular time to all interested in this great breed of cows.

Yours truly, GEO. BLANCHARD.
Broadmoor Farm, Cumberland Centre.

An Economic Orchard.

Probably the largest orchard in the world is the famous Bidwell orchard of California. An exchange describes this orchard as follows:

"It lies in the open valley of the Sacramento, in Butte county, and covers two and a half sections, or 1,500 acres of land. Its owner, Gen. John Bidwell, is one of the early pioneers, having crossed the plains in 1841. He was an associate of Sutter and Fremont, and his life in those early times was replete with adventures among savage Indians and wild beasts.

"He has more than a quarter section of land, in fact, nearly 200 acres, planted to peaches alone. He has over 100 acres heavy season in the stud, wants to trot dried, are superior to the finest of the imported French prunes, while the plums are truly magnificent, including the Yellow Egg, Washington, Columbia Pond's Seedling, Coe's Golden Drop, Duane's Purple, Peach Plum, and still other varieties. Several thousand pear trees form a grand orchard in themselves. While many varieties are grown, yet the Bartlett leads all others. The Seckel, Flemish Beauty and the Kiefer are among the most profitable varieties. There are some 5000 apple trees, which include most of the standard varieties. It is noticeable in this warm climate, that what are known as fall apples in the Atlantic States are summer apples here, while those known as winter apples there, ripen early in the fall here.

"The apricot orchard includes between sixty and seventy acres, and the best varieties only are set out.

"There are 2,357 cherry trees, and these make a wonderful growth and bear prodigiously. One magnificent tree, a Napoleon, measures sixty feet high, seven and a half around its trunk, and bore in one season 1,750 pounds of fine fruit. The cherries were picked and weighed under the most careful supervision, that no error could occur. At the prevailing price that this tree returned to its owner, there was a greater profit than in ten acres of land planted to wheat.

"There are great numbers of almond, which reaches a state of high perfection in this warm climate, many fig, nectarine, orange, olive, quince, walnut, chestnut, pecan and other kinds of trees, but it would be useless to here specify the number of each.

"The vineyard covers 300 acres, and the varieties mostly grown are White Muscat, which numbers 57,213 vines; Black Hamburg, Flame and Buie Tokays, Emperor, Rose of Peru and Black Morocco.

"There are three large packing houses for handling the fruit. Dryers are not used, as, owing to the dry climate, the fruit and raisins are all cured in the sun. Immense quantities of the fruit are canned, and for this purpose a mammoth building was constructed, where 400 persons are given employment. During the rush of the peach and apricot season a much larger number is added. To pick, box and dry the fruits in the orchard 300 men are employed, so that this mammoth orchard alone gives labor to 500 persons."

Farmers' Necessary Expenses —How

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, June 18, 1891.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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☞ Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and Oxford counties.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot and Piscataquis counties.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

Maine is out in the cold regarding Bishop Brooks' confirmation.

The New York city school children decided on Arbor day in favor of the golden rod as the State flower, by a majority of 13,000.

Permission has been granted by the British Government for Company E, First Regiment of Infantry, Maine Volunteer Militia, to visit Montreal and Quebec.

There is a famine of potatoes everywhere, and dealers have hard work to supply their customers at big figures. In this city and vicinity we never knew potatoes to be so scarce in the community. But the new crop will soon be on.

The Milo citizens will give $10,000 to any capitalist who will go there and utilize the water power in some way, to build up the place and create employment for the young men. They see the importance of industrial manufactures.

Perhaps those gentlemen who think that high license would be better for the cause of temperance than prohibition, will explain why the number of arrests for the first half of May this year, in Worcester, Mass., under $1200 license, was eight times as large as for the corresponding period last year under local prohibition.

The government has notified agents on the Alaska seal islands to allow only 7500 seals to be killed this season by the company owning the sealing rights. This is in accordance with an agreement with the English government to prevent the further killing of seals while the disputed question of the control of the seal fisheries is under consideration.

New Hampshire has a pretty elastic divorce law, but up in Grafton county a new cause for divorce has been presented to the court by the veteran Harry Bingham. It is the case of a husband asking separation from a Christian Scientist wife, on the ground that she is injuring his health and endangering his reason by constant talk upon the subject of Christian Science. It will be of interest to see how the court looks at this cause.

Scare-crows do not always scare. The other day we saw a field of corn, which had been nicely strung with twine, in which were hanging dead crows, pieces of tin and old fragmentary clothing of an imitation man; and yet in the midst of it all, right down upon the ground and hard at work, was a crow, busily engaged in pulling up corn, apparently more pleased than frightened at the preparations that had been made for his reception and entertainment.

It is understood that the rumsellers are quite satisfied that they have found a nice loophole in the new liquor law since, when conviction means $500 and jail, they can appeal and the ball cannot be placed above $200—the old limit. Therefore the prisoner can plead not guilty, and if convicted before the lower court can appeal, furnish bail and then jump. This does away with imprisonment—the part of the law which terrifies, money being no object. But it says that this "loophole" won't remain open very long, for public sentiment is against the business, and that means continued war on it.

The bondsmen of M. C. Percival, the defaulting Auburn cashier, have decided to resist the payment of the amount of the bond, $20,000 or any part of it. Their counsel, Baker & Cornish of Augusta, have thoroughly investigated the matter, and it is by their advice that the bondsmen take this action. The bank has been written to by the attorneys and informed of the bondmen's decision. They decline to state on what grounds their refusal to pay is based. What's the use of having securities any way? With no special responsibility attaching to the directors, or the sureties of the cashier, where does the protection to the stockholders come in?

The committee appointed by the State Grange and Farmers' Protective Union last December to take charge of the subject of taxation before the legislature, met in this city, Thursday, and made public their report to the Grange and Union. The report states that capitalists admitted the justice of the demands of overburdened tax payers, but it was soon apparent that their game was procrastination which succeeded in putting the matter over to the next legislature. The report is quite long. It says the names of those members who stood by the cause will be written on the list of honor, while those who sold themselves are entered on the black list and will be shunned in future nominations. The report warns the tax payers of the State to beware of the great corporations, and organize for future efforts.

Seventy-five southern gentlemen, headed by Senator Ransom, on Wednesday, invited the President to attend the southern exposition at Raleigh in October. The President said it would be impossible, at this time to definitely accept the invitation. He anticipated busy times in the preparation of his message to Congress, and other matters incident to its reassembling; but he assured the delegation that he greatly appreciated the evident cordiality of the invitation, and that, if he could so arrange public business at the time of the opening of the exposition, he would gladly accept it. The delegation then presented the President with a book made of southern pine, inside of which were samples of North Carolina's productions of cotton, leaf tobacco and mica, and on which was inscribed the formal invitation to the President and cabinet.

We have received from Col. F. E. Boothby, General Passenger and Ticket agent of the Maine Central railroad, the official time tables of the road, showing the people who desire to spend a few weeks vacation, when and how to reach the very best resorts—those of great note and the more quiet retreats in the country, by the lakeside, mountain and sea. By this pretty little volume, which also contains a map, the best way is showff to reach the White Mountains, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Bar Harbor, St. John, N. B., and other noted resorts. Besides all these things which are of the utmost importance to the traveling public, the volume imparts a good deal of general information. The circulation is gratuitous. Five thousand copies per month are guaranteed. Col. Boothby has shown a good deal of ability and patience in compiling the work.

That reliable financial firm, Henry Clews & Co., New York, report that the financial condition shows a satisfactory improvement. It is upon the home situation, however, that we chiefly depend regarding the future. Europe may, if she wishes, temporarily lessen her holdings of American stocks, but their superior intrinsic value, in comparison with other investments, is certain to assert itself and restore them into preference again. If American stocks are the best securities on which to realize in times of depression, they must necessarily be the best to buy when the change for the better sets in. The all-important factor in determining future values of stocks is the crop situation. Happily, this is in our favor, as frequently pointed out, and as the season advances evidences of improvement seem to multiply. The certainty of an abundant harvest at home and a deficient one abroad increases each day.

VICE IN HIGH PLACES. When the jury in the famous English baccarat gambling case rendered their verdict against Sir William Gordon-Cumming, it was alike a condemnation of the Prince of Wales, who in the natural course of time must in a few years become the King of England. It is a scandal that will have a wide influence on the public and private morals of England and all countries. Like rulers, like people. The average morality of the people will not be above their rulers.

From the evidence in the celebrated trial, the Prince of Wales appeared as a banker in a gambling and swindling affair. The Prince has moral lapses in other fields—so reports from all sources say—but here is a plain case of gambling proven against him. There can be no doubt about that, and the Prince's most intimate friends hold their heads in humiliation, because they know it is a proven fact.

This is the penalty of royal idleness. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." Doomed, by his relation to the throne, to do practically nothing, while waiting for a throne and a crown, to live for fifty years without any serious business or interest in life, and expected to do nothing but observe the proprieties, the Prince, with the eyes of all England and Europe upon him, has burst through such unnatural restraints, in many scandalous ways. In our own country very many men seek for positions which they are not qualified to fill, but the very activity induced by the seeking prevents the moral lapses which are liable to occur in a country where the office comes as an inheritance.

So indignant are the best people of England over the affair, that the press and the pulpit have taken it up. Dr. Parker of London, in his sermon last Sunday, said that not a man or a woman connected with the baccarat case came out with the slightest honor. He uttered these significant words: "Such gambling adds no security to the throne. *Long live the Queen!*"

The *Chronicle* says that in this affair "the Prince compounded crime." The *Times* "profoundly regrets the Prince of Wales' connection with the affair." The *Standard* says, "The whole business is ignoble from beginning to end." The *News* says, "The Prince is bound to a pure, simple and cleanly life, as an example to his future subjects. Woe to a monarchy when it can no longer perform what may fairly be called its last surviving use." But after all this exposure of the rottenness of the character of the Prince of Wales, he will still have admirers in the mind of that aggregation of idiocy, the American dude, and his course will have imitators, because "it is English, you know."

TIMELY CONSIDERATIONS. We have some pleasant words from a well known educator, who went from this State, and who is now filling a responsible position in a large place in Massachusetts. He says:

"I often think of my Augusta friends. My love for the good old city does not diminish, and I rejoice that it is now having a steady, healthy growth. Maine is a good State, and is bound to grow. Don't be too anxious to establish cotton factories, shoe factories, etc. The soil, coast, and natural beauties will draw the right kind of a population; factories draw foreigners, with all the hurtful foreign institutions. This is at the expense of temperance and Americanism. Massachusetts is fast becoming a foreign Commonwealth. To stem the tide, we are pushing education to the top, while we have a grip on the public school. Seeing that the public school tends to make out of foreign children *intelligent, independent American* citizens, Romanism establishes the parochial schools. The cry of "no Bible," "Godless schools," is only *dust* throwing. Priestcraft is crippling to intelligence. The Irish people believe in free schools and a free government, but Jesuits don't. That is the trouble and the danger. Don't be in haste to bring the good old State of Maine into this condition. More than 75 per cent. of the school children of Massachusetts are now enjoying the benefit of superintendence. I think your legislature took action last winter, looking to the union of towns to employ a superintendent. Augusta and Hallowell might unite."

The suggestions of our correspondent, whom we know to be a gentleman of ability and experience, are entitled to the consideration of our readers.

Mr. Richard M. Jones of Philadelphia, Pa., and family, came to the city, Saturday afternoon, on a sad errand, to bring the body of their dear son Dick, for burial in the Pine Tree State, near their old home in China. Richard M. Jones will be remembered as once the enthusiastic Principal of Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, and the son of the late Eli and Sybil Jones. He has for several years been head-master in the William Penn Charter School, No. 8 South Twelfth street, Philadelphia, Pa., a flourishing school of 330 boys, some thirty being sent to college every year. On April 30, last, Mr. Jones' son Dick, sixteen years old, went to bed apparently well, but next morning he was dangerously ill, in the midst of either typhoid fever or meningitis; the doctors were puzzled about which to call it, but soon pronounced it meningitis. He ran very closely to the death line, but on the 6th day of April was on the road to recovery. This day was dreadfully hot, and in the evening, about eight, a fearful thunder storm struck the vicinity, and soon a bolt more deadly than all the rest descended upon their home. Almost in a moment the attic was in flames; they could not save the house or its contents. In torrents of rain and vivid lightning they moved their darling boy to the next house, where they found kindly shelter. But the shock was too much, and in seven days their beloved boy died. On Sunday last the burial was had at the cemetery in China, near the scene of their old home.

The Treasury Department has issued a circular to custom officers enjoining strict enforcement of the act approved August 30, 1890, prohibiting the importation of adulterated articles of food and drink, and providing for the inspection of foreign cattle, etc. The circular says the following named ports are the only places at which neat cattle, sheep and other ruminants can be imported into the United States: Boston, Portland, Me., New York, Baltimore, Md., Vanceboro, Me., Houlton, Me., St. Albans, Vt., Island Pond, Vt., Newport, Vt., Rouses Point, N. Y., Ogdensburg, N. Y., Morristown, N. Y., Cape Vincent, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., Suspension Bridge, N. Y., Charlotte, N. Y., Detroit, Mich., and Port Huron, Mich.

Few people who read the report that the American wheat crop, from present indications, will this year be above the average, realize fully what an important bearing the success of this crop has upon various human interests. An abundant crop, or a shortage affects most sensibly the general money market, which in its turn affects business and society everywhere. The crop not only promises to be good in this country, but poor in other wheat-growing countries of the world, the possibility of which conditions has already sent the price of June wheat to $1.09.

The committee, on the subject have arranged a fine excursion for the Maine Press Association, and some thirty persons will comprise the party. They will leave Portland July 8th, at 1.05 P. M., Maine Central train, arrive at Crawford's and stay all night; leave Crawford's Thursday at 12.47 P. M. and reach Montreal at 8.40 P. M., stay there Friday and Saturday at the Balmoral hotel; leave Montreal Saturday at 7 P. M. by the steamer for Quebec, arriving there Sunday at 6 A. M. Spend Sunday and Monday in Quebec and leave Quebec at 9.15 P. M. Monday for Portland.

A lady in Wiscasset has a room fitted with furniture over one hundred years old. This old town is full of ancient curios brought home from lands across the sea by the many brave captains who once made Wiscasset's magnificent harbor one of the leading ports of New England. The Misses Bailey, daughters of the late Judge Bailey, have among their possessions, notable relics in the form of old china, furniture, and other fascinating effects. Many traces are also seen in other families of Wiscasset's former affluence.

The hot weather set in solidly, last Thursday, and it grew in intensity every day, until it seemed to reach high-water mark on Monday. That day at noon, in this city, the thermometer indicated 92 in the shade. In New York city, 96; Fall River, Mass., 98; Albany, N. Y., 98; Rochester, N. Y., 97; Hanover, N. H., 96; Nashua, N. H., 98. And other places in the same proportion. Tuesday was another sweltorer.

ABOUT THE MAINE SCHOOLS. The 37th annual report of the State Superintendent of Common Schools for the year 1890 will be sent out this week. The report contains 67 pages and the appendix 160 pages. About twenty pages are devoted to a series of strong arguments for the town school system, as compared with the district system. In the appendix about seventy pages are devoted to a complete and very interesting report of the Maine Pedagogical Society at its 11th meeting.

This report of the papers read and the discussions that took place at the teachers' meeting is necessarily one of the most interesting features of the volume, and one which will help to make this school report one that all teachers will desire to obtain and read and place in there libraries for future reference.

The superintendent has in this report compiled with much labor and care a large amount of statistics on common, free, high and normal schools. In summarizing, Superintendent Luce says: The actual condition of our common school system in 127 towns (under the town plan) conforms practically to that standard of condition to which they should be brought.

In 374 towns (district system) the system fails to so conform because of the plan of mangement there existing, and it can be brought up to such standard only by the utter abolition of that system of management.

From the statistics on the free high schools the report deduces that it is apparent that the growth was shown wholly in schools supported by town instead of district action; that this has been increased in the number of towns adopting this system an increase in the aggregate number of weeks of schooling and that the schools were of a higher grade than last year.

These schools in the medium and smaller towns can carry their pupils successfully forward only to a certain stage of advancement.

In bringing them to that stage they will have awakened in many a desire for further attainments and given them a standing from which they can go forward by their own efforts, if only the facilities for further attainments are within easy reach.

The superintendent asks: "Cannot the surviving academies be made to furnish such facilities?"

The subject of schools and miscellaneous topics are discussed at considerable length and in an instructive manner.

MAINE'S WORLD'S FAIR BUILDING. The executive committee of the World's Fair managers of Maine have appointed a committee with instructions to secure plans, specification and estimates of cost for erecting the State of Maine World's Fair building at Chicago.

The building is to be used for headquarters for State of Maine people, who may use it at the exposition. The State appropriation for this building is $10,000.

Several owners of granite quarries and manufacturers of different kinds of building materials have expressed a desire to furnish, free of cost, on board of cars, a reasonable amount of such building materials as they manufacture, for the purpose of allowing the State of Maine to have a better building than the amount appropriated by the State will make, and for advertising to the world the resources of Maine of this particular kind.

The members of the committee having charge of the Chicago building are Hon. A. R. Bixby, Hon. J. P. Bass and Mrs. E. C. Burleigh.

The committee wish to make this building the granite exhibit of Maine at the great exposition. Maine has the most desirable site of any State, having a lot 100x100 feet, facing Lake Michigan. Upon the right, running back in a half circle, will be the other State buildings, and on the left the buildings of other nations. Maine was the first to locate a State building.

Architects of Maine are invited to make plans and specifications for a building 40x60 feet, two stories with tower; building to be constructed of the different varieties of Maine granite and covered with Maine slate. Dimension and number of rooms will be furnished on application to the committee.

Prizes will be offered to architects. Owners of granite quarries, who will furnish granite, and others who will contribute material of any kind for the building, will communicate with the committee at as early a date as possible.

The board of managers are greatly encouraged by the interest already manifested by the people of Maine in this great enterprise, and communications relating to the building should be addressed to A. R. Bixby, Showhegan, Maine.

BOTH ARE YOUNG BOYS. The quiet town of Somerville, about fifteen miles east of this city, is the scene of a sad stabbing affair. Wednesday evening, between six and seven o'clock, Selden C. Hisler and Charles R. Hisler, aged respectively fourteen and fifteen years, were fishing in company with several others at Sheepscot Long Pond, a short distance from their homes. They stood near together on the edge of the shore upon a large slab, and a quarrel arose between them as to where each should fish. Both became very angry and Selden pushed Charles from the slab. The latter retallated by drawing a heavy, sharp-pointed jack knife from his pocket and throwing it at Selden with all his force. The blade entered the righ leg near the hip, and severed the femoral artery. Selden started for home but fell to the ground from loss of blood before he had gone many rods. Word was sent in hot haste to his parents and they arrived on the spot about twenty minutes later, just as he breathed his last. A sad feature of the case is the fact that the boys were related by ties of blood. The murdered boy was the son of Peter Hisler. Charles Hisler is the son of Miles Hisler, who is a son of Peter by his first marriage. The murdered boy was therefore half uncle to his murderer.

Coroner Seth Patterson held an inquest at Summit hall, Thursday afternoon, a large crowd being in attendance. The jury decided that Selden Hisler came to his death by a knife wound, the knife being in the hands of Charles Hisler. Immediately after the rendering of the verdict, Charles was arraigned before Trial Justice Albert S. Soule. He pleaded not guilty and was committed on a charge of manslaughter to await the action of the grand jury in October. Sheriff C. F. Choate carried him to Wiscasset jail Thursday night.

SUCCESSFUL MEET OF THE INTERSCHOLASTIC ASSOCIATION. The first annual meet of the Maine Interscholastic Athletic Association was held in this city, Saturday afternoon. The silver cup was won by Thomaston High School. Palton Tupper of Waterville won the 100 yard dash; time, 11¼. The same was winner of the 220 yard dash; time, 20½ seconds.

120 Yard Hurdle—Winner, E. L. Andrews of Thomaston; 21½ seconds.

220 Yard Hurdle—E. W. Prince of Thomaston; 29⅗ seconds.

440 Dash—C. T. Patterson of Freeport; 57½ seconds.

Half Mile Run—E. B. Webster of Augusta; 2 19⅘.

Mile Run—Walter Ellis of Waterville; 6.10.

Mile Walk—J. C. Minot of Augusta; 9.38.

One Mile Cycle Race—Henry Tyler of Waterville.

Running Broad Jump—Frank Preble of Waterville; 15 feet.

Running High Jump—F. L. Andrews of Thomaston; 4 ft., 9 in.

Pole Vault—Henry Tyler of Waterville.

Throwing Base Ball—L. T. Patterson, 331 feet.

Throwing Hammer—R. L. Bickford of Thomaston; 73 ft., 1 in.

Putting Shot—R. L. Bickford of Thomaston; 36 ft.

Considering the little time since the organization of the association, the records are good. The success of the association is assured.

The Maine Interscholastic Association have decided to hold fall contests in tennis and foot ball, to be entered by the High School boys of the State.

On June 29th, the Kennebec Steamboat Company will commence their double summer service, with their two elegant, new steamers, running six trips per week, thus giving their patrons the advantage of a daily line to and from Boston.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has just completed her eightieth year, the encyclopedists and obituary writers to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Oxford Bear Association will hold its annual excursion next Saturday, and will go to Hebron for the trip.

NEW ENGLAND WEEKLY WEATHER CROP BULLETIN FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 13TH. The week just passed has been characterized by warm, dry, sun-shiny weather. The nights during the first part of the week were quite cool, and it is found that the frost of the 5th did more damage than was thought, more particularly in the Northern States. The days, especially, during the last part of the week have been very warm.

The weather was prevallingly clear and no precipitation occurred till near the end of the week, when light local showers gave a little relief in places.

Drying winds coupled with the above conditions have rendered the ground very hard and dry, and rain is now much needed throughout New England. Grass is probably suffering most, and must be a short crop, especially the earlier grasses and on old fields. New fields are reported better, and if abundant rains come soon there is still a chance of much improvement in the later grasses. Some farmers have begun cutting their earliest fields in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Some report that potatoes and garden crops are being slightly injured, and in the south there is complaint that potatoes have not come very well, but in general these crops are doing well, and hoeing is progressing rapidly.

It has been a very favorable week for corn, and it has made a fine growth, although on sandy soil in the south this, too, is beginning to feel the effects of the continued dry weather. It is reported that grain is maturing fast in the south, and that it is looking fairly well. Fruits, both cultivated and wild, generally promise an abundant yield. No rain is indicated for the first part of the coming week.

Maine—Mayfield: Early pieces of corn were injured by the frost; rain is needed, especially for grass, which is very thin and backward. Winslow: Good prospect for apple crop of most kinds; Baldwins generally blossomed rather sparingly.

New Hampshire—Newport: Planted crops doing pretty well, though still backward; grass will hardly come to an average as now looks. Newton: Tomatoes, beans, etc., slightly injured by frosts on the 5th. Strafford: Corn is growing finely now, but potatoes are not up to the average.

Vermont—Brookfield: The outlook now is that the hay crop will be small. Too early to make any estimate of the fruit crop. East Berkshire: Corn is backward on account of so much cold weather.

Massachusetts—Leominster: The outlook is unfavorable for a large crop of hay; foliage on fruit trees looking remarkably well. Marshfield: Grass backward; hoeing and cultivating going on rapidly; dyke marsh not up to last year. Walpole: Most field crops doing well, especially corn. Fruit looks well. Worcester: All crops are at a standstill; hay will be light, and most crops will be small.

A REMARKABLE WILL—SOME SPLENDID BEQUESTS. The will of the late Joseph Walker of Portland who died recently, which has been presented for probate, is a most interesting document.

Mr. Walker was over 91 years old, and a widower without children.

To the Aged Brotherhood of Portland he gave $2000, and $5000 to each of the following charitable organizations and institutions of Portland: Maine General Hospital, Home for Aged Men, Home for Aged Women, Female Orphan Asylum, Widows' Wood Society, Female Charitable Society, Female Provident Association, Martha Washington Society, Portland Benevolent Society, Portland Fraternity and Diet Kitchen.

He appoints as trustees of his estate Frederick Fox and Albert B. Stevens, both of Portland, and gives to them $40,000, to be used, under strict conditions and limitations, for the erection and furnishing of a free public library in the neighboring city of Westbrook. Of this $10,000 goes for a fund, of which the income is to be used for the purchase of books. All the other buildings expenses of the city must provide for. If the city refuses to accept his conditions, the $40,000 fails into the residue of his estate, subsequently disposed of.

To Mrs. E. L. O. Adams, Mrs. Eliza Golden and Mrs. Caroline Walker, his nieces, he gives $25,000 each.

To each of the following he gives $5000 apiece: Lester L. Woodbury; Mrs. Mary L., widow of Joseph J. Walker; C. C. Fonda, son of E. A. Fonda; Miss Lilla May Sabin, daughter of William T. Kilburn; Mrs. Jane Ball; Mrs. Anna W. Jewett, and A. D. Walker, his nephew.

Charles B. Walker of Bridgton receives the income of $20,000; Gertrude B., daughter of C. B. Walker, $10,000, and he, daughter all the bequests made by his wife, who died last year, amounting to some $100,000, settled.

He also gives $1000 to each of the following named persons: Joseph W., son of Ammi Whitney, Joseph D. Brigham, Joseph W. Woodbury, William Babb of Saccarappa, and Joseph W. Kilborn.

But the most remarkable feature of all is the residuary estate which is left to Messrs. Fox and Stevens, his trustees. They are to take into consideration what he might do if he, for the diffusion of knowledge, engaged in any enterprise which did not end in pain and distress, the aid of meritorious individuals and within 15 years distribute all that remains of his estate to schools, hospitals, charities, etc., as seems best to them.

They are the sole judges and can make such regulations as they see fit and can further aid, if they choose, the charitable objects which he specifically aided in his will. Such a document is rarely required.

The amount of this residuary bequest is not known, but it will, perhaps, reach $250,000.

DEATH OF NOAH WOODS. Hon. Noah Woods, formerly a prominent citizen of Maine, died Saturday evening, in Fitchburg, Mass., at the age of 80 years. Mr. Woods was born in Groton, Mass., and moved to Baldwin, Me., when a child. He lived in various towns in Maine, and in 1841 opened a law office in Gardiner. In the autumn of the same year, having previously become agent for the owners of a township of timber land in the eastern part of the State, he formed a partnership in the practice of law with Hon. Charles Danforth, late Justice of the Supreme Court, which continued till 1855. He served in both branches of the Gardiner city government, and served as Mayor for seven years.

In February, 1844, he married Miss Sarah Ballard of Gardiner, who only lived a year. In 1846 he married Miss Henrietta E. Bibb of Hallowell. In 1861 his wife died, and he was married again to Mrs. Frances A. Blake of Bangor, and shortly after took up his residence there.

In March, 1864, he was elected Clerk and Treasurer of the European and North American Railroad Company, and in 1868 was elected a Director in the company. He retained these offices until B. E. Smith, Esq., as Trustee of the consolidated bondholders, took possession of the railway and property, when he was appointed his agent. At his displacement a year later, by the trustees of the land grant bondholders, he became the cashier under the new disposition, and continued in that position until 1880. Upon the organization of the new company at that time, he was chosen a Director, which position he held up to the time of his death. For a time he was President and Treasurer of the company. For several years he has not been engaged in active business, and has quietly resided in Fitchburg.

FOPHAM BEACH. This popular summer resort will open for the season July 1st. The fast steamer "Percy V." will make two round trips daily during July and August, connecting with trains at Bath. Visitors can leave on the early morning train, and arrive at Bath at 8.05, connect with "Percy V.," and continue a fine sail down the Kennebec River to Popham Beach, arriving at 9.30, and have six hours at this popular resort. You can get a good dinner at either of the hotels. Returning, leave Popham Beach at 3.30 P. M., and arrive home early in the evening. Commencing July 1st, the time table for the steamer "Percy V." will be as follows: Leave Popham Beach at 6.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.; leave Bath at 8.15 A. M., or on arrival of train, and 5.30 P. M.; Monday mornings, leave Popham Beach at 5.15, connecting with early trains east and west; Saturday evenings, leave Bath at 6.30, or after all trains are in. Tuesdays and Fridays, commencing July 14th, are special excursion days, when the fare for the round trip will be one dollar.

"Couldn't get along without the *Maine Farmer*." "Like it the better the longer I have it," are among the expressions heard by our agents as they pass on among the people.

Tuesday, Sept. 15th, is the day fixed upon for the reunion of the Third Maine Regiment at Skowhegan. It will be held in conjunction with the reunion of the Fifteenth Regiment.

A very neatly printed Herd Book comes to us from Mr. John A. Frye of Marlboro, Mass., the noted breeder of Hillside Holstein-Friesian cattle.

It is predicted that the next Congress will pass the free coinage bill over the President's veto.

THE SOMERSET POMONA AT PITTSFIELD—A SPLENDID DAY—LARGE GATHERING—INTERESTING MEETING—SOMERSET AND PENOBSCOT COUNTIES WELL REPRESENTED. It was a beautiful summer morning to start out bright and early to attend the regular June meeting of the Somerset Pomona, at Pittsfield, Tuesday, June 9, and a large number of the patrons availed themselves of the opportunity. New Portland; North Somerset, Skowhegan, Victor, Somerset, St. Albans, Athens and Pittsfield Granges, of Somerset county, Dexter, North Newport and Twilight Granges, Penobscot county, and Sebasticook and Union Harvest Granges, Waldo county, were represented. Worthy Master L. H. Moulton came upwards of forty miles, and opened the Grange promptly at 10 A. M., with the following officers present:

Overseer—M. L. Merrill.
Lecturer—I. O. Winslow.
Steward, *pro tem*—Horace Eaton.
Assistant Steward—Eugene Danforth.
Chaplain—Mrs. N. H. Vining.
Treasurer—Augustus Strickland.
Secretary—S. F. Emerson.
Gate Keeper, *pro tem*—Stanley Small.
Ceres, *pro tem*—Mrs. L. H. Moulton.
Pomona, *pro tem*—Mrs. Melvin Bigelow.
Flora, *pro tem*—Mrs. Urano A. Sylvester.
Lady Assistant Steward, *pro tem*—Mrs. R. J. Patten.

Hiram Varney, in behalf of Pittsfield Grange, cordially welcomed the Pomona to Pittsfield. The Secretary of the Pomona responded to the address of welcome. The Worthy Master read a letter from Bro. Gardner, of the State Executive Committee, desiring an expression of the members of the Pomona as to their preference for the place of holding the next session of the State Grange. It was the unanimous vote of the Pomona that the session at Skowhegan, that old veteran, Bro. Snell of St. Albans, declaring that "if there be a place this side of heaven that he would prefer to hold a State Grange, it is Skowhegan." The Lecturer's programme was taken up, and the question of keeping farm accounts was profitably discussed by Bros. O. Murray, J. Richardson, R. H. Libby, A. H. Felker, S. F. Emerson, L. W. Jose, I. O. Winslow, Lewis Beal, N. H. Vining, and Sisters Snell, Vining, Libby, Moulton and Patten. All the speakers were in favor of farmers being careful in their business affairs, and keeping a system of accounts, but differed as to methods. The second topic, "At what price can farmers afford to sell hay?" was discussed by Bros. McMaster, J. Richardson, I. O. Winslow, M. L. Merrill, Lester Holway and O. Murray. It was decided that hay could not be sold off the farm for less than ten dollars per ton, and leave a margin of profit. Sister R. J. Patten presented an original essay on "housework."

One half hour was devoted to memorial services in memory of our late State Master, Bro. Rufus Prince, and Bros. I. O Winslow, M. L. Merrill, S. F. Emerson, L. W. Jose, L. H. Moulton, and Sisters N. H. Vining and R. H. Libby took part in the services. The following resolutions were adopted:

Our conception of the character of Hon. Rufus Prince, late Worthy Master of the Maine State Grange, and our appreciation of the great service he had rendered in behalf of our order, and of the agricultural interests of Maine, is such that we gratefully set apart a portion of the time of this meeting for the consideration of his public services and private virtues.

Resolved, That in his death a true Patron of Husbandry and an honest man, in the fullest sense of these terms, has been removed from our midst.

Resolved, That the Grange in Maine has been deprived of the services of an able leader and a wise counsellor, whose memory will always be cherished by every true patron.

C. B. HASKELL,
M. L. MERRILL,
S. F. EMERSON,
Committee.

A vote of thanks was tendered Pittsfield Grange for its generous entertainment of the Pomona, and the Grange closed in form. Next meeting with Somerset Grange, Norridgewock, Tuesday, Aug. 11.

S. F. EMERSON, *Sec'y.*

THE WORK OF THE TEMPEST. On Friday noon, a thunder tempest, accompanied by a heavy wind, swept over portions of the State. As the infant cyclone passed through East Bowdoinham, the ice houses of Clark & Chapman suffered a great deal of damage. Two or three were blown down. William Hatch lost a fine barn, blown flat. A horse and other stock were killed. The large barn of W. D. & E. P. Kendall was demolished. Havoc was made with chimneys in various directions. Barns belonging to George Blanchard and James Dunlap were also blown down. Many apple trees were uprooted, and fences were strewn. The course of the gale seems to have done its work within a limited area. At Richmond the cyclone lasted about twenty-five minutes. The rain descended in torrents, flooding the streets and cellars of houses in full. The wind blew with nearly the force of a hurricane, toppling over chimneys and uprooting and breaking off trees. The storm came from the west, but for a time, at the last of it, blew from the east. Less than half a mile north of the village there was no wind, although it rained hard. Lightning struck the cupola of the barn of Baxter Marr on Highland Avenue, Gardiner, about one o'clock in the afternoon, setting the barn on fire and destroying the entire set of buildings. Loss, $4,000; insured for $4,000. Lightning struck the Howland Falls pulp mill at Howland. It first came in contact with the main shaft in the wheel house and ran along the shafting throughout the mill. A man named Butler, who was at work on the shaft, received a severe shock. The electric fluid ran along the telephone wires and burned out the works and melted the wires in many places. At Rockland the buildings at St. George, owned by Horace W. Clark, were struck by lightning and burned flat. Nearly all the contents of both buildings, including the stock were destroyed. The family were absent in another town. The loss is not yet estimated; insurance, $2,000. The house of Philip Pushard in Dresden was struck by lightning and considerably damaged. His mother, it is reported, was affected by the shock.

WAR ON POACHERS. The President, on Monday, issued a proclamation announcing the agreement between the United States and Great Britain respecting Behring Sea, and warning American citizens to respect its provisions. The proclamation says:

"For the purpose of avoiding irritating differences and with a view to promote the friendly settlement of the questions pending between the two governments touching their respective rights in Behring Sea, and for the preservation of the seal species, the following agreement is made, without prejudice to the rights or claims of either party:

"Her Majesty's Government will prohibit, until May next, seal killing in that part of Behring Sea lying eastward of the line of demarcation described in article No. 1 of the treaty of 1867 between the United States and Russia, and will promptly use its best efforts to ensure the observance of this prohibition by her subjects and vessels.

"The United States government will prohibit seal killing during the same period in the waters of Behring Sea and on the shores and islands thereof, the property of the United States (in excess of 7500 to be taken on the islands for the subsistence and care of the natives) and will promptly use its best efforts to ensure the observance of this prohibition by United States citizens and vessels.

"Every vessel or person offending against this prohibition in the said waters of Behring Sea outside of the ordinary territorial limits of the United States, may be seized and detained by the naval or other duly commissioned officers of either of the high contracting parties, but they shall be handed over as soon as practicable to the authorities of the nation to which they respectively belong, who shall alone have jurisdiction to try the offence and inflict the penalties for the same. The witnesses and proofs necessary to establish the offence shall also be sent with them."

COLBY COMMENCEMENT. The following is the commencement programme of Colby University:

SUNDAY, June 28.—Baccalaureate sermon by the President at 10.30 A. M., at the Baptist church. Annual sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society and Young Men's Christian Association, by Rev. Chas. A. Towne of Auburn, at 7.45 P. M.

MONDAY, June 29.—Presentation day exercises of the Junior class at 2 30 P. M. on the campus. Junior exhibition at 7.45 P. M., at the church. Meeting of the Board of Trustees at Champlin Hall, at 7 P. M.

TUESDAY, June 30.—Class day exercises at 10.30 A. M., at the church; at 2 P. M., on the campus. Annual meeting of the Alumni Association and Alumni Hall, at 3 P. M. Anniversary oration by Hon. Mark H. Dunnell, LL. D., (class of 1859), of Minnesota; poem by Harry Lyman Koopman, A. M., of Burlington, Vt., (class of 1880), at the church, at 7.45 P. M.

WEDNESDAY, July 1.—Commencement day. Exercises of the graduating class and conferring of degrees, at the church at 10 A. M. The procession forms at Memorial Hall at 9.30. Commencement dinner at Alumni Hall, at 12.30 P. M. Library and cabinet open to visitors from 3 to 5 P. M. President's reception at Memorial Hall, from 8 to 10 P. M.

Once in awhile, when a mean whelp posts his wife, it is well enough to permit her to "talk back," as Mrs. Coffill does in a recent number of the *Bath Times*:

"I have seen in the *Bath Times* that my husband, John F. Coffill, said I had left his bed and board, as I did not leave his bed and board; there has been four weeks that he has not brought me anything to eat, and his children for four Sundays suffered with hunger, and I had to go get something for his children to eat from the city, and he was off drinking, and had money in his pocket, and the city gave me a pair of boots, for I was barefooted.

MRS. JENNIE COFFILL."

Our readers who live at a distance, and who are in need of anything in the apothecary line, will have their needs answered by sending their orders by mail to The Fuller Drug Store, just as promptly and carefully as if the purchase was made in person. Many of the things sold in a drug store can be sent by mail, with no cost to the purchaser.

The following are the top prices obtained at the last sale of Tasmanian wools, at the London Wool Exchange: 36, 33, 31, 30, 29, 28 and 27 cents per pound, respectively. It is somewhat remarkable that all these clips had been treated with the Cooper Dip, and the makers claim it is indisputable evidence of the excellence of their preparation.

Strawberries are now about as cheap by the bushel as potatoes.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

Grange News and Notes.

—The regular meeting of Excelsior Pomona Grange No. 4, P. of H., will be held with Franklin Grange in Wilton, Thursday, June 25th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Picnic dinner. The Worthy Master says: "It is especially desirable that every subordinate Grange in the county be represented. Those that cannot possibly send a delegation, are requested to report by letter to the Secretary in time for it to be read in the meeting. Officers elect who have not been installed are especially urged to be present." M. L. R. PURINGTON, *Sec'y.*

—Victor Grange, Fairfield, has elected and installed Sister Ellen A. Goodwin as Lecturer, to fill the vacancy caused by the removal and resignation of Bro. Twitchell.

—The next meeting of Franklin Pomona Grange will be held with Franklin Grange, Wilton, Thursday, June 25th, commencing at 10 o'clock. A full programme will be arranged.

—The next session of Sagadahoc Pomona Grange will be held with Enterprise Grange, Richmond, Wednesday, June 24th, the following being the order of exercises: Morning—Address of welcome by C. E. Dinslow, response by Mrs. H. R. Rich; music; paper by Henry Skelton, on "What the Grange has Done for Me;" personal experience of members generally; unfinished and new business; noon recess; music; paper by Mrs. Eva M. Hathorn. "How Shall we Keep our Girls and Boys on the Farm?" discussion on the subject by others; music and conferring of degree of fourth by Enterprise Grange; remarks for the good of the order; closing exercises.

—A special meeting of Kennebec County Pomona Grange will be held, by invitation, with Cushnoc Grange, Riverside, June 24th, with the following programme: 1st, opening exercises; 2d, business; 3d, topic: "Produce Exchange;" general discussion. Afternoon—Literary entertainment by Cushnoc Grange. Programme: Music by the people of his native town, Wayne, the Wayne

Items of Maine News.

aco has voted to build a $16,000 school se.

The Portland Heater and Radiator Com- y, Portland, has assigned.

ion. Seth L. Milliken has given his check $50 to be used in repairs on the Institute lding at Pittsfield.

resque Isle is enjoying a pretty lively wide swake summer in the line of lding.

uilding operations at Pittsfield are mak- rapid progress, and carpenters and ons have all they can do.

nother twenty-gallon keg of whiskey ealed in a sugar barrel was seized at rdolnham, Monday.

ohn F. Stearns, a house carpenter, of fast, died suddenly, Tuesday morning, apoplexy, aged fifty-four years.

urnside Post of Auburn has engaged . C. A. Hayden of the Kim street Univer- st church, to deliver the oration next morial day.

he Dana Sarsaparilla Company pur- sed the foundry plant at Belfast, Tues- , paying $7,000. They will enlarge ir manufacturing establishment.

lary Welch has been appointed postmas- at Waite, vice Nathaniel Phelps. N. E. th has been appointed postmaster at t Exeter, vice G. M. Twombly.

laine's gift to her namesake, the cruiser ine, is a magnificent silver service, pro- ely decorated with emblems of the Pine e State.

he first passenger train into Rangeley ver the new 4 o'clock Friday afternoon, he new Phillips & Rangeley railroad. te a number of officials and others were board.

chooner William Boardman, Bangor, for ndout, before reported ashore on Nanset, s., was floated off Friday by wreckers, arently uninjured, and proceeded on her r.

valuable mare belonging to E. A ith of Mapleton, was killed in the past- the other day by a hog. The porker e a savage attack on the mare and dis- owveled her.

he selectmen of Skowhegan have just de their annual valuation of the town. ey find real estate amounting to $2,068,- and personal property of the value to 95,07; a total of $3,373,711.

special town meeting Monday afternoon ed to exempt from taxation for 10 years F. Morgan & Co., shoe manufacturers, rmond, and the building occupied by m.

enjamin L. Staples, Esq., one of the st residents of Houlton, died Sunday, in 72d year. He was for years Clerk of rts, and served in 1879 as Clerk of the use of Representatives.

ohn C. Green trapped a good sized bear the shore of Spring Lake, Dead River, week, it was a very nice furred one. ar signs are thick, also deer and other ne are plenty, as deer are seen almost ry day on the intervales.

The coroner's jury on the death of the d found in the river at Ellsworth, re- tly, find that it came to its death by the od of its mother, Laura Davis of Amherst. warrant has been issued for her arrest, the cannot be found.

The following patents were granted sday: Arthur M. Burnham, Gardiner, p wringer; Phillip Holmes, Augusta, mposition for journal bearings; Frank binson, Caribou, canal racks; Charles White, Portland, fish basket.

The Home woolen mill at Lewiston, ned by the Gray Woodman Shoe Compa- has been sold to Thomas Kelly & Co. Boston, who will start it on quilts. The ll has been shut down since the failure the Home Manufacturing Company last fall.

man registered at the Falmouth Hotel, rtland, nearly two weeks ago as E. M. nd, of Savannah. He secured a position a book canvasser, but stayed in his room ost of the time. While there he had two ecks cashed of the value of $40 each, and d until he was about to start discovered at the checks were bogus.

In the senior class at Harvard College e the following Maine men: George esley Blanchard, Lewiston; George aniel Bussey, Dixmont; Augustus Wil- son Dudley, Presque Isle; Albert Ashley Marsh, Acton; Robert Treat White- ouse, Augusta; William Russell Witherle, astine. Maine is well represented in the ree lower classes.

Sardine herring continue in small supply the eastern section of the State; and ere is lively competition among factory wners for the fish. This week as high as irty-four dollars a hogshead has been paid r them at the weirs. Some factories have nearly all of another day's catch by a day's pply of fish. It takes a well filled pocket ook to run a factory at these prices.

The bodies of John Stewart and Peter Mc- onald, of Eustis (both of whom were rowned while driving logs out of the outh branch last spring) have been found. oth bodies were only a short distance from here they went under water. McDonald as standing erect, buried in sand to hi s hips, his hands clutched in the refuse on the bottom of the stream. Stewart was buried in the cemetery near the village.

John Caldwell, a prominent farmer of New Portland, was found dead in his field bout 10 P. M. Saturday night. The sup- osition is that he was overcome by heat nd smoke from a fire in the brush which he was trying to extinguish. As he left he house shortly after dinner and had not returned at tea time, a searching party was rganized, which found him dead by the rush fire.

George Bartley, the notorious outlaw of loose River, is again in the clutches of the aw. Some two years ago he was taken, fter a desperate struggle, and lodged in orridgewock jail. He secured bonds by forging the bondsmen's names to a deed of liver. He failed to appear at court, and hen the bondsmen looked for their prop- rty they found it not, for he had deeded hat he had never owned.

A steamboat accident occurred at Range- ley Lake, Thursday evening, and it was a arrow escape for the passengers. The teamers Molly Chunkamunk and Florence ercy while taking excursion parties out n the lake collided, caused by a mistake in ir signals. The Florence Percy was badly ut on her starboard side, and she sank. ll her passengers were taken off and cared or. Among them were Hon. W. L. owues and daughter, of Calais; Col. ood of Auburn, and Dr. Wedgwood of ewiston.

George Stetson, one of the most promi- ent, wealthy, and respected citizens of angor, died Monday morning at his resi- ence in that city, aged 84 years. He has ong been identified with the interests of hat city where he was in business for any years. He was president of the irst National Bank, a member of the board f directors of other banks, and was exten- ively interested in various enterprises. e was a man of strict integrity and great bility, and had amassed a large fortune. e leaves a widow and two sons, Josiah K. nd Edward, both of Bangor. He had een seriously ill for a long time.

Miss Roxana Weston, who died last week, at the advanced age of ninety-one years three months, was the daughter of amuel Weston, one of the first settlers f Skowhegan, who reared there a arge family of seven sons and three daugh- ers, of whom she was the last survivor but ne. Miss Weston was familiarly known as Aunt Roxy," and in so large a connection as had many nieces and nephews, among hom were the late Abner Coburn and his rothers and sisters, now all deceased. he was a woman of culture and of literary tates, and wrote poems of merit which she collected and published in a volume for her wn satisfaction and distribution among rlends.

The Maine Medical Association, at the nnual meeting in Portland, last week, lected these officers for the ensuing year: resident, Dr. Edward P. Fogg, Bath; irst Vice President, Dr. Bigelow T. San- orn, Augusta; Second Vice President, r. George A. Phillis, Ellsworth; Record- ng Secretary, Dr. C. D. Smith, Bangor; orresponding Secretary, Dr. C. E. Wil- ams, Auburn; Board of Censors, Drs. H. I. Smith, Machias; E. T. Andrews, Gray; harles Hutchinson, Portland; C. A. Veasselle, Wiscasset; C. D. Hill, Belfast. Counsellor, Dr. Charles Sumner Harris. Drs. Charles O. Smith, ex-officio, Portland; F. H. Ger- ish, Portland; A. K. P. Meserve, Port- and; E. H. Hill, Lewiston; H. F. Twitchell, Freeport.

Business Committee, Drs. F. E. Small, Portland; W. L. Dana, Portland.

The annual oration was delivered by Dr. . C. Gordon, of Portland, on the subject f common sense in medicine.

The people of Foxcroft and Dover have een very much shocked by an agonizing eath that has just occurred there from lood poisoning. A little over a week ago man named Smith, residing at Moosehead, while straping his razor for a Sunday shave, inflicted a small cut upon his thumb. The wound bled a little, but soon ceased to rouble the man, who kept about his ordi- ary duties. In a day or two, however, he hand and arm showed signs of blood oisoning. The flesh about the wound urned black and violent pains racked the member from palm to elbow. The arm welled with alarming rapidity, and no edicines or treatment had any beneficial ffect. Smith grew alarmed and went to over on Monday of last week to receive reatment from local physicians. However, othing could be done to save his life or elieve his frightful agony. He raved, creamed and tossed for hours until death ut an end to his sufferings. In his par- oxysms he tore and flung from him band- ges and garments. Four strong men with difficulty held him upon his bed, and de- pite their efforts he several times eluded ver. Persons who are acquainted with orms of hydrophobia say that Smith's avings and sufferings equalled the tortures een in some of the worst cases of that read disease. When Smith died his arm looked as though it might belong to a man eighing two hundred pounds. His body as fearfully swollen.

Items of General News.

A tenement house was burned in New York city, Sunday evening, and three per- sons were burned to death.

The funeral of the late Stillman B. Allen was held in Berkeley Temple, Boston, last week, and was largely attended.

Hon. J. J. C. Abbott has been called on to form a ministry at Ottawa, Ont., and has undertaken the task.

Four men were drowned at Lindsay ranche, Hardeman county, Texas, by a cloud burst, Wednesday.

A fire at Seabright, N. J., Tuesday, burn- ed 400 buildings, with a total loss of $400,- 000.

The Republican State Convention was held at Columbus, Ohio, yesterday, and Maj. McKinley was nominated candidate for Governor, by acclamation.

The Clipper Machine Works at South Keene Depot, N. H., were burned on Mon- day night. Loss $30,000; insured for $13,000.

Mrs. Harrison spends the ensuing sum- mer at Cape May. The President will make visits at intervals during the summer, and will probably be at the seashore most of the time in July and August.

Governor Russell of Massachusetts has appointed Judge James M. Barker, of the Superior Court, to fill the vacancy on the Supreme Bench, caused by the death of Justice William Allen. Barker is a republi- can in politics.

Surrogate Ransom of New York has de- cided that Capt. Francis L. Norton, who sailed from New London in a life boat of his own patent, some months ago and has never been heard from since, is legally dead.

The legislature of Massachusetts was prorogued, Thursday evening. Since the long session began, on January 6, 423 acts and 118 resolves have been passed and sign- ed by the Governor; seven became laws without the Governor's signature, and two bills were vetoed.

T. A. Edison, the inventor of electrical and telegraphical appliances, has been sued by E. B. Welsh of Boston, to recover $250,- 000 damages of an alleged half interest, which the latter claims to have in all the inventions and improvements made by Edison in transmission of messages by telegraphy.

A most horrible accident occurred on the Moenchenstein and Bale railway, Switzer- land, Sunday, through the collapse of a bridge beneath a heavily loaded excursion train. The train was crowded with people on the way to attend a musical feté. One hundred and thirty persons were killed out- right and 300 injured.

The Colorado conference of the Method- dist, Episcopal Church, in session at Denver, Colorado, voted to drop from membership in the church the evangelist, Rev. Sam Small. Mr. Small's connection with the Methodist Univerality at Ogden, U., as its president, and stories of a shortage in his accounts are all memorites.

M. S. Beal of Topeka, Kan., has com- menced suit in the United States district court against the National Mortgage & Debenture Company of Boston for $23,- 850. Mr. Beal has attached all of the com- pany's property in Kansas, which is valued at $75,000. These debenture companies, of which there are multitudes, are fast getting into hot water.

Tuesday was the opening day of the June meeting at Mystic Park. Two races were completed. The 2 40 class, purse of $300, divided, was won by J. Golden's b. m. Ramona, in 3d, 4th and 5th heats. Best time 2 30 by Locust Grove Farm's b. s. Col. Kip. Romona's best time was 2.30½. The 2.29 class for pacer, purse $500, was won by A. Johnson's b. g., Bud Onward in three straight heats. Best time 2.25½.

A special from Washington to the New York Herald says the government is seri- ously considering the question of cutting off all diplomatic relation with Hayti. A let- ter written by Minister Firmin to the spe- cial commissioners of the United States in reply to their request for a lease of the Mole St. Nicholas was so unfriendly in tone, that serious offence has been taken in Washington.

The breaking of a staging, Monday morning, at the new building at the Pratt & Whitney works, in Hartford, Conn., seems to have been more serious in the fall- ing of a dozen or so men near the same place, and the hod carriers throwing down a heavy weight of bricks and mortar at the same time. The staging was 35 feet from the ground. Nine men were injured, of whom two may die.

The first trip of salt mackerel of 127 bar- rels arrived at Gloucester, Mass., Thurs- day, on board of the schooner Minerva. It was caught off Block Island. The fish are nearly all of medium size, only eight barrels being large. Captain Foster reports quite a body of small fish in that vicinity. The prospects for the catch of mackerel are somewhat better than they were last sea- son. The price offered by the dealers for the trip is $8.

The great Suburban races in New York, Tuesday, attracted the greatest crowd that ever turned out to a race course in the country, despite the fact that is was the hottest June day ever known in the vicinity of New York. A conservative estimate plac- ed the number of persons present at 30,000, and many believed 40,000 was nearer the figure. The race itself proved very sensa- tional, as Tenny, who went to the pole, the hottest favorite ever known in the Suburban, finished in luck. Loantaka came to the front in the last furlong, from fourth position, winning by a length and a half, in 2.07, distance, 1¼ miles. Major Domo, 2; Cassius, 3. The 5-8 mile, Civil Service won, time, 1.01½. The double event, 5½ furlongs, His Highness won; time, 1.08. The 1 3-16 miles, Portchester won; time, 2.03 1-2. The 1¼ miles, Bernadotte won; time, 1.56. The Spring Turf stakes, one mile, Longstreet won; time, 1.45 1-5. The 1 1-16 miles, Atlantic won; time, 1.49 2-5.

The dry goods and miscellaneous estab- lishment of Hilton, Hughes & Canning, Broadway, Ninth and Tenth sts., New York, was robbed one night last week, in a the clev- erest style that has distinguished a burglary in New York for many years. The plunder secured is said to have been all the dia- monds in the jewelry department of the firm, the value of which is given as $10,000, but this seems to be a very small stock for so large a firm, and the value of the goods taken was probably much larger. The thieves concealed themselves in the place sometime during Friday, and had them- selves locked in the building. The firm em- ploys watchmen, but they are all stationed outside, one at each corner, so the robbers could work at their pleasure. Having col- lected their plunder the robbers started a fire in the building. Then, in the excite- ment, when the firemen arrived, they easi- ly escaped. The fire was put out and the building locked up without the robbery be- ing discovered.

Cunard steamer Servia, Capt. Dutton, ar- rived at Queenstown, Tuesday. The captain reports that at midnight on Thursday last he sighted the Inman line steamer City of Richmond, from New York, June 3, bound for that port and Liverpool. The latter vessel was flying signals of distress, and the Servia, bore down to her to offer assis- tance. The captain of the City of Rich- mond reported his cargo on fire, and the Servia stood by until Brow Head was sight- ed. Capt. Dutton reported that on Tues- day, at midnight, a lady cabin passenger upon getting out of her berth noticed that the floor of the stateroom was very hot, while smoke was making its way into the room. She immediately gave the alarm, and an examination resulted in the discov- ery of smoke issuing from the forehold. The smell indicated that the cotton in the hold was on fire. Steam and water were promptly injected into the hold and it is be- lieved the fire was completely subdued be- fore the City of Richmond reached Queens- town. The vessel proceeded for Liverpool and appeared all right.

Geronimo, the noted desperado, was shot and killed, Saturday, 30 miles from Benson, Arizona. Chief Geronimo was a villanous ruffian; a native of Mexico, but a leader of the Chiricahuas-Apache tribe of Indians. His father was Jose Louis Lobato, a famous violinist, and Geronimo was the oldest of five children. He was born at La Joya, 50 miles below Albuquer- que. At an early age Geronimo and his mother, grandmother and brothers were taken captives by the Navajoes tribe, and the entire family was among the Indians for two years. His mother was rescued with three of the children by the United States troops, but Geronimo and one sister having been traded to the Apaches, were not re- covered. Geronimo was about 45 years of age. He was noted for his cunning and ferocity, and this, added to his extraord- inary skill as a trailer, his dexterity in the use of arms, and his great influence over men, gained for him an unlimited influence among the Indians. He spoke English, Spanish, and several Indian dialects. He was vindictive, and was always considered irreclaimably bad. While a leader of the tribe in which he was known, Geronimo had many conflicts with government troops, and was finally captured in 1886 and sent to Florida with a band of his braves. He was afterward released, and has since been desperate, but without followers.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the dis- eased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional reme- dies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its nor- mal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Catarrh Cure. Send for circu- lars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75 cts.

William Thompson of Eastport, aged be- tween seventy-five and eighty years, wandered off Monday afternoon, and not returning at night, parties started in search. After searching all night, he was found, Tuesday forenoon, dead, on the beach at Broad Cove, a mile and a half from town. It is supposed that his mind was deranged.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ACCIDENTS As D. W. Waite was at work in the mill at Richmond, trimming, at ten o'clock, Saturday, he hit his hand against the saw and badly mangled his thumb. Ere he was out of the mill Char- les Millett got caught between a large stack of boards and a roll as they were coming from the gang edger, and but for the quick intervention of H. F. Smith who was standing near, he would without doubt have received fatal injures. As it was he received bruises and quite a bad cut on his face.——The body of John Barton, 35 years old, a plumber, who come to Bangor from Lynn six years ago was found floating in Ken- duskeag stream, Saturday morning. He had been missing a week. It is supposed to be a case of accidental drowning. No inquest was held.——At East Exeter, Thursday afternoon, Luther Holt, seventy years old, a much respected citizen, was buried by an upturned root, while peeling bark, and instantly killed. The upturn- ed root in large tree which was blown over by last season's gale, came back upon him, burying him completely out of sight, with the above result.——At North Ber- wick, Saturday afternoon, a passenger train on the Eastern division of the Boston & Maine struck a carriage in which were riding John Grant a farmer and blacksmith, residing two miles from the village, and his daughter, of Haverhill, Mass. Mr. Grant was badly injured that he died at 11 o'clock that night. The daughter had a rib broken.——A young man named Fred Lynch, of Medway, was drowned at the Scstaract Falls, near Kingman, while work- ing on the last corporation drive of the Mattawamkeag. He had been at work only about ten minutes when he met his untimely end.——Little Freddie Schwartz, of Portland, 5½-year-old son of Lt. W. Schwartz, was badly bitten by a big St. Bernard dog, the property of Joseph A. Dow, on Peaks Island. A lady who saw the performance says that the little fellow essayed to pat the dog's back, when he turned about, knocking the boy down, and fix- ing his teeth in his face, lacerating it bad- ly. Wounds were inflicted in the forehead and under the left eye, some of the cuts being nearly half an inch in depth. Marks of the dog's teeth also show under the right jaw.——Mr. Frank Dunn, of Portland, met with a very painful accident while at work at Saccarappa. He was employed at George Hammond's mill, and was helping hoist a heavy stone by means of shears. When the stone had been raised some dis- tance from the ground, the rigging broke, letting the stone fall. It struck Mr. Dunn, knocking him down and fell across his legs, both of which were broken.——One day last week, Howard, son of F. S. Blanchard, of Lumberland Center, went to the field in early morning to shoot crows, which trou- bled the corn. While returning to the house, as he was easing down the hammer to his gun, his hand slipped, and holding the gun in such a manner, the charge took off the big toe on the left foot. He is now doing well.——Frank Chick, aged 26, of Ellsworth, a section man on the Bucksport branch of the Maine Central, was seized with cramp and drown- ed while swimming in the Penobscot river, Monday afternoon.——The six-years-old son of W. H. Reed of Upper Stillwater, was drowned Monday afternoon, falling from a log into the river while attempting to get a drink. The body was recovered.

The young woman who was run over by a Boston & Maine freight train between Saco and Scarboro, Saturday afternoon, was Miss Jennie Rice of Boston, who was boarding for the summer in a house at Milliken's mills. She was slightly dement- ed was probably in a fit when struck by the train and killed.——Mrs. Persina Kelly, aged 83, fell in Rockland, Monday, and broke her arm in two places.

Items and Incidents.

"Wring out the old," remarked the poetic washerwoman, reaching for a worn table cloth in the washtub.

The Purest and Best

Articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every ingredient is carefully selected, per- sonally examined, and only the best retain- ed. The medicine is prepared under the supervision of thoroughly competent phar- macists, and every step in the process of manufacture is carefully watched with a view to securing in Hood's Sarsaparilla the best possible result.

Have their work at fingers' ends—Tele- graph operators.

"My father, at about the age of fifty, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color."—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The man who stole the chicken made a clean breast of it.

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or dis- comfort attending their use. Try them.

A lamp is a wick-ed affair, even when it is not addicted to smoking and going out nights.

A gray beard on a man under 50 makes him look older than he is. The best dye to color *Brown* or *Black* is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Many men do not smoke, yet there are but few who object to an occasional puff.

The advice with each bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is worth many times the cost.

A black spider crawled into the ear of a little Sebec girl while she was asleep, recently, where it remained for ten days before being removed. The child suffered intense agony, but it has recovered.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

At a newspaper exhibition in Paris there are six thousand specimens of journalism from all parts of the world.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Indiana Grand Lodge of Knights of Pythias has declared liquor dealers ineligi- ble to membership.

Mrs. Million's Ride.

When Mrs. Million goes to ride she travels forth in her horses, full of fire and pride, go prancing from the gate;
But all the beauties of the day she views with lan- guid eye,
Her flesh in weakness wastes away, her voice is but a sigh.

For Mrs. Million is in an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give her comfort. She en- vies her rosy waiting-maid, and would give all her riches for that young woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if some true and disinterested friend would advise Mrs. Million of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help. $500 reward is offered by the manufacturers for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

The Farmington & Kennebec Narrow Guage Railroad will not be built this year. Some of the gentlemen most deeply inter- ested in the road are satisfied that it will not be wise to attempt to construct it with- out the full co-operation of the Sandy River and Phillips & Rangeley roads. In fact several of these gentlemen urge that the best course to pursue is to consolidate the three which would insure a paying car- eer for the new venture. It is said that un- less a union is effected the Farmington & Kennebec would stand a good chance any time of being frozen out.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY

Custom Hand-Made Oak Tanned Harness direct from the manufacturer, single seta $7 to $40, double sets $16 to $50, send for 72 Page Illustrated Catalogue, *FREE*, giving full description.

KING & Co., Mfr's, Owego, N. Y.

ALASKA PRODUCTS. The value of seal- skins shipped from Alaska to London dur- ing the 23 years of American occupancy, foots up nearly $33,000,000, while the total value of all other products of Alaska dur- ing the same period does not quite reach $30,000,000, of which more than one-half, or $16,000,000, represents furs of various kinds, chief among which is that of the sea otter.

For Nervous Exhaustion

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. H. C. McCoy, Algona, Ia., says: "I have used it in cases of dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion and wakefulness, with pleasant results. Also think it of great service in depressed condition of the system result- ing from biliary derangement."

When the Beecher statue was being placed in position in Brooklyn the other day, the workmen fastened a rope around the neck of the statue, with a black cap drawn over its head, and left it dangling in mid-air while they went to dinner. It was a rather grim sort of a joke.

Tapley's "Bread Winner" outwears all others shoes.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, June 16, 1891.

Names of Drovers.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
AT WATERTOWN—none.			
AT BRIGHTON.			
W. W. Hall & Son,	20	47	
I. C. Libby & Son,	16	86	
R. Chadbourn,	14		

AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATER- TOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 3,269; sheep, 12,750; hogs, 24,594; veals, 2,516; horses, 935.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 50; veals, 83; horses, 145.

CATTLE FOR ENGLISH PORTS.

From Boston during the week we have booked the shipments of 2378 head of cat- tle. Liverpool market reported at 12c dressed weight, against 11¾@12 last week.

POSITION OF THE TRADE.

Cattle are in much the same rut as they were in last week. The call anything but active, butchers only buying in a light way. Best cattle at 7¼@8c, dressed weight. Rates from 4@8c.

Sheep arrivals are largely from the West; almost entirely from that source, and taken direct to slaughter-houses. Maine and the New England States will start some home- raised lambs late next month. Spring lambs are quoted at 8@8½c per lb.

Fat hogs rule steady as far as Western live are concerned, at 4¾@5c per lb.; country dressed lots at 5¾@6c, instead of 6c, as reported last week. Supply heavy from the West.

Veal Calves—The wants of the market seem to be considerable, and they will be wanted this week, if ever, for the trade there being a holiday, and a full city of people. Calves mostly selling at 5¼@ 5½c per lb.

Milch Cows and Springers—Sales not very lucrative, and the movement slow; some left over from last week. Sales most- ly from $25@$55 per head.

Horses—Dealers call the trade quite good, if the quality is all right, and are giving out their sales of good drivers at $150@$300; heavy draft, $175@$300; ex- press and business horses at $140@$175; saddles at about the same range; ponies at $100@$175.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

W. W. Hall & Son sold 3 milch cows for $115; 1 Hereford bull, of 1600 lbs., at $70; 45 veal calves, average 130 lbs., at 5½c; 2 cattle, live weight 2540 lbs., at 7½c, dressed weight. J. C. Libby & Son sold 36 calves, average 130 lbs., at 5½c; 3 fine milch cows at $30@$40. R. Chadbourn sold a pair of nice cattle at 5¾c, live weight; a lot of 10 at 5¾c, and 2 at 5c. These cattle were fine, as to quality, and sold to Sturtevant & Haley, weighing from 1400 to 1800 lbs. to a bullock.

REMARKS.

The hot weather is not very beneficial to the trade in meats, still a fair movement is noticed. The celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill being this week, will naturally bring a good many people into the city, and thereby increase the demand for provisions of all kinds. Wholesalers are doing a fair amount of business, and butchers are handl- ing meats to a fair extent. Prices on cattle fairly firm, and trade gradually tending to im- prove. Calf butchers are having a good local trade, and are paying full prices for their calves. This hot weather will cause many to make tracks for the seashore and mountains earlier than somewhat earlier than usual. When the weather is up to 90° in the shade it is time to make a shift, and leave the city through the hot waves of summer. This change of locality causes a demand on the country. Ladie packed and lmita- tions at 15@17 cents meet with a fair sale. Northern dairy lots range from 15@18c, and fine selections run up to 19@20c, being as serviceable for present use as finest creamery. Some find it hard to get 22c from their small customers, and the sales in a jobbing way yesterday were mostly at 20@21c. Common butter for bakers' use is kept sold up at 14@15c.

Still lower prices than last week must be quoted for cheese. Trade is slow, and 9 to 9¼ cents is a full rate for Northern. For Ohio fats it is hard to get over 8¼ cents per pound.

For several days past 17 cents has been the ruling price for Western eggs. Special markets run up to 17½ cents. Fresh East- ern 17½ to 18 cents, and near-by stocks go still higher.

Choice large pea beans and mediums rule at $2 35@$2 40 and small pea go up to $2 50. Foreign grades are held steady at $2@$2 35 per bushel. Improved yellow eyes are still quoted $2 80@$3 per bushel.

Trade in old potatoes is nearly over. Prices range from 90 cents@$1 25 per bush- el, including Provincial and Northern.

HAY. There is very little change in hay. If anything the tendency is in favor of buyers, as supplies are not liberal. For the best quality $15@$16 per ton is a top rate, and most sales rule at $12@$14. Rye straw is selling well at $18@$18 50 per ton. Oat straw is dull.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, June 16.

CATTLE—Receipts 9000; shipments 3000; slow and lower; no choice to extra steers on sale; others, 4 50@5 90; Texans at 2 75 4 60; cows 1 35@4 50.

HOGS—Receipts 16,000; shipments 5,000; active and higher; rough and common 4 10 @4 37½; mixed and packers 4 40@4 50; prime butchers' weights 4 50@4 60; light 4 20@4 60.

SHEEP—Receipts 7,000; shipments 3,000; market steady; no extras on sale; natives 4 00@4 75; others 6 00@5 25; lambs 5 75@ 7 00.

The Bowdoin Center post office was en- tered by burglars last Friday night. All cash in the drawer, government funds, and postage stamps were taken.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, June 17.

APPLES—None in market.

BEANS—Pea beans 2 50; Yellow Eyes $3 50@$3 75.

BUTTER—Ball Butter 15@18c. Cream- ery, 20@22c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic new 10@ 11c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt

EGGS—Fresh, 16@17c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@6 25; Patent 6 50@7 00.

GRAIN—Corn 90c; oats 70c; barley 85c; Rye $1 00.

HAY—Loose $10@12; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 5c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 6c; bulls and stags, 3@3½c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 7¾c; in tins, 8¼@8½c.

MEAL—Corn 88c; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—$1 40@1 50 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 8½@9c; ham 10@11c; fowls and chicks 16@17c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 17@20c; veals 8@9c; tur- keys, 15@18c; round hog 5½@6c.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, $1 10 per bushel; cabbages, $25 per ton; beets, 60c per bu.; turnips, 40c per bu.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 17.

APPLES—Eating, per bbl., $0 00@$0 00; cooking, $0 00@$0 00; evaporated, 15@17c per lb.

BUTTER—17@18 for choice family; creamery, 22@23c.

BEANS—Pea, $2 50@2 60; Yellow Eyes, $3 00@3 25.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 11@11½c; N. Y. Factory, 11½@12c; new cheese, 12@12½c.

FLOUR—Superfine, $4 50@4 75; Spring X and XX, $5 15@5 37; Roller Michigan, $5 50@5 75; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 90@6 25.

FISH—Cod Shore, $5 75@6 00; Scaled herring per box, 21@25c; Mackerel, shore, extra, $24 00@26 00.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 74@75; oats, 60@61; cotton seed, car lots, $27 50@28 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $28 00@29 00; sacked bran, car lots, $22 00@23 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $24 00@25 00; middlings, car lots, $26 00@29 00; middlings, bag lots, $28 00 @30 00.

LARD—Per tierce, 6¾@7¼c per lb; per tub, 6¾@7¼c; pail, 6¾@10¾c.

PROVISIONS—Fowl, 15@17c; spring chick- ens, 35@40c; turkeys, 18@20c; eggs, 18@20c; potatoes, $1 10c@1 20 per bush.; extra beef, $11 00@11 50; pork backs, $15 00 @15 25; clear, $14 00@14 75; hams, 10 @10½c; covered, 12@12½c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 17.

APPLES—$3 00@4 50 per bbl.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $2 75@3 00 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $2 50@2 75.

BUTTER—Best, 15@16c per lb.; fair to good, 13@14c.

EGGS—18c per doz.

CHEESE—Best factory, per lb., (new) 11 @12c; best dairy, per lb., (new) 11@ 12c.

GRAIN—Oats, prime country, 65c per bushel.

HAY—$8@9 per ton; best bales, $11@ 12.

CORN—75@80c; meal, 75c.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 95c@ $1 00.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, per lb., 5½@6c. Chickens, 15@16c; Fowl per lb., 13@14c; Turkeys, 18@20c.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, June 16.

United States Bonds, New 4s, (reg.),	117¾	
" " (coup.),	118¾	
" New 4½ (reg.)	100	
" 4½ (coup.)	100	
Pacific 1sts.	107½	

Latest from the Horsemen.

—From this time on horse notes will be abundant, and the *Farmer* will furnish its readers with all the latest news in this growing industry.

—Races were held last week at Foxcroft, the following being the summary:

3.00 CLASS.

G H Dyer, Eddington, ch g Sant.,	1	1	1
Nay & Burrill, Skowhegan, blk m Bess.,	2	4	2
W D Burton, Hartland, ch s Phil.,	4	2	3
J L Ellingwood, Bangor, blk s White Nose.,	3	3	5
Josiah Edgerly, Dover, g g Marsalla.,	6	5	4
G K Palmer, Dover, b m Lady Franklin.,	4	dis	
Time—2.51, 2.50, 2.52.			

C G Andrews, Bangor, b m Mischief	1	1	1
H L Williams, Hartland, br g Hazelwood..	3	2	2
W E Smith, Exeter, b g Gen Logan.....	2	3	3
A K Libby, Hiram, b g Gray Horse	4	4	dis
Time—2.42½, 2.40½, 2.40.			

2.50 CLASS.

W E Smith, Exeter, ch m Gretchon.....	1	4	1
G H Dyer, Eddington, ch g Sant.....	5	1	2
Nay & Burrill, Skowhegan, br m Dinah	2	2	3
G K Palmer, Dover, b g Quiver.....	3	3	4
J L Ellingwood, Bangor, blk s White Nose.....	4	dr	
E H Chase, Dexter, blk g Boxer.....	dr		
Time—2.41½, 2.43½, 2.42½, 2.44, 2.46.			

2.33 CLASS.

D E Clement, Levant, b g Colonel M.....	1	1	1
Nay & Burrill, Skowhegan, b m Lily Mac..	3	2	2
J L Ellingwood, Bangor, g g Marsalla Crook.	2	3	3
Time—2.40½, 2.35, 2.33½.			

The attendance was large, and the con- test in the 2. 50 class sharp.

—At Narragansett Park, last week, in two races, five heats were trotted in exactly 2.20½, something hardly to be expected again.

—The posters announcing the meeting of the Androscoggin Breeders' Association, Lewiston, are out. They are very hand- some. The races occur July 2, 3 and 4, on the State Fair track. The entries close June 22, and must be made to J. H. Twombly, Secretary.

—Thursday's trotting at Norway:

3.00 CLASS.

A F Myrick, Lewiston, ch s Dick Withers	1	1	1
D H Tuttle, Bluehill, blk g Jay Gould....	3	2	2
D M Foster, Canton, br m Maggie Frank- lin.....	2	4	3
Theodore Thayer, South Paris, blk g Har- vey S.....	4	3	4
John Ames, Sweden, blk s Keenan.....	5	5	dr
Time—2.45¾, 2.45, 2.45¼, 2.43¾.			

2.38 CLASS.

W F Rowe, Lewiston, b g Volunteer.....	1	1	1
Samuel Record, Buckfield, ch g Gold Dust..	3	2	2
Theodore Thayer, South Paris, b m Flossie	2	3	4
Dr. C S Childs, Buckfield, ch m Nellie Pratt	4	4	3
A H Williamson, Newry, b g Kylemar.....	5	5	dr
H S Hastings, Norway, gr m Belle Boyd...	dis		
Time—2.41

Poetry.

The Sentinel Pines.

In the summer sunshine, straight and still
Lie the graves on the crest of Winslow hill.

Behind them the river sings it's tunes;
All the dreamy mornings and afternoons.

The dead lie here, and forget to dream,
Or heed how the passing seasons stream.

On the farther verge of this Silent Land
Fifteen sombre pine trees stand.

Fifteen dark and solemn trees
Stand forever as witnesses.

They watch the river winding still,
They watch the dead on the wind-swept hill,

They watch the swift hours wings away,
They watch for the Trump of the Judgment Day!

Mighty secrets they have to tell,
Yet they guard and keep them in passing well.

For it oft must chance in the silent night,
That they see the soul in its airy flight

From the quiet bodies down below,
To the unknown land where souls must go.

But where that mystical land may lie,
In what fair corner of earth or sky,

If to north, or south, or east or west,
We may seek that realm of the free and blest,

These fifteen pine trees will not say:
Though we ask, and ask till the Judgment Day.

Sombre and silent, they stand still
And watch the graves on the wind-swept hill,

As if each sad, mysterious tree
Were the bond 'twix Time and Eternity.

MATTIE BAKER DUNN.

Our Story Teller.

A QUEER PATRON.

In the quiet seclusion of his cell in one of the London short sentence prisons, Prisoner 119 was wondering what the world outside was saying about him. His fingers were busy with the old rope he was making into oakum, but his mind was full of an imaginary report of his own case at the police court. He even hoped some of the papers might have devoted a leader to him for his case was a strange one.

Arrayed in a tattered gown of the cut peculiar to Camford Bachelor of Arts, with a battered cap upon his head, he had in broad daylight walked down Regent street breaking the lamps with a long stick. Proceeding calmly and without hurry, and followed by a rapidly increasing crowd, he smashed some half a dozen before a policeman appeared and captured him into custody. At the police court he told the magistrate that he had once been an assistant master in a school, but had lately got his living on the turf, on tramp, and in other ways, and was disregarded as a witness. He was willing enough to work, but could get no work, so had broken the lamps by way of advertisement. He had one little complaint to make against the police. He gave Charles Charley Mickleroed, to the inspector, and that officer refused to further embellish the charge sheet with his proper description—Bachelor of Arts, St. Boniface College, Camford. Sentence twenty-one days imprisonment with hard labor.

No. 119 was quite right in his surmises. His case was making a good sensation outside the prison walls. It was a slack time, and editors were rather short of subjects. They deemed Charles Mickleredd' sexpioit a good source of cheap copy, and they were not wrong, for letters about it poured in freely. Some of his old college friends even proposed to do something when he came out, and, as he was in prison so long, there was just a chance they might not have forgotten him by the time he was released.

As the prisoner was musing, his cell door was thrown open, and Warden Smith in official tones announced:

"No. 119, the chaplain wishes to see you."

The warden, however, was not quite accurate in his assertion, for the clergyman who entered the cell was not the regular chapain of the jail, but the curate of a neighboring church, who was visiting the prisoners while their usual pastor was recruiting himself at the seaside.

The prisoner stood up and faced his visitor, who shut the cell door behind him. As soon as the sheep got a fair look at the shepherd, he exclaimed:

"Why, Josh, old fellow, how are you?" at the same time holding out his hand in evident expectation of a friendly grasp. The Rev. Joshua Bamlett recoiled a little.

"I don't know, prisoner," began he, "whether you mean this for a joke. Let me tell you, it is hardly the way to—"

"O! stow it, Josh," interrupted the unabashed reprobate. "Do you mean to say you don't know me. It's my beard, I suppose. Pity I didn't shave off enough to have it shaved off. I'm Charles Mickleroed."

"What! Mickleroed, my old Camford friend! Yes, now I see it is. But oh, Charley, Charley what has brought you to this?"

"Proximately, the Goverment omnibus known as 'Black Maria.' Ultimately, that common complaint—want of employment. Don't you know what a wise saw says, 'If you don't mean to say it isn't in the papers?" said Mr. Mickleroed, seriously alarmed for the success of his scheme.

"I have been too busy to look at a paper these three days," replied the clergyman. "They ought to tell me what each prisoner has done and the length of his sentence, but my visits are so hurried they forget sometimes."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the prisoner, apparently immensely relieved. "Well, I took a leaf from an Irishman's book, and committed an outrage to call attention to my distress. Smashed some lamps in Regent street. Shouldn't wonder if they made a music hall song out of it. Charley Mickleroed smashed the lamps to find himself provender,' with an accent on the 'en,' has as good a tilt about it as that thing on the other Royal Family that milks at Chelsea, anyhow. Just look in the papers when you go home, and tell me what they say when you call again.

"My dear Mickleroed, it's against all rules to tell a prisoner what is in the papers. But don't, pray don't, look at this serious thing in that light way. You shock me terribly. You seem as hard as—"

"An old horse-shoe and a nail," interrupted the prisoner, "and let me tell you that it's a good nail that gets harder by much hammering. Only the bad ones break."

"I can stay no longer, now," said the clergyman, as the warden was heard coming along the corridor. "I will come again to-morrow. But do try, my old friend, to look at the matter in its true light."

"Well, don't you forget about the papers, then," was the prisoner's parting shot.

The Rev. Joshua Bamlett went straight to his lodgings and tried to compose his mind. He sat down in an easy chair, lit a pipe, and fell into a deep study. How well he remembered the old Camford days when he and Charley Mickleroed had lodged in the same house and belonged to the same set. It was not in any way a distinguished set, and Mickleroed was often a bitter and sarcastic member of it. That eccentric young man always seemed to regard the university as a monk did the world—he was in it, not of it. He was an orphan and had gone to Camford against his own will, but in accordance with his father's. His father had had a belief—founded, it is needless to say, on ignorance—in favor of the clergy and his degree, which had induced him to make his son's inheritance of his little property depend upon the attainment of that academical distinction. Charley fulfilled this condition as easily as he could, to lodge his clothes and the aroma of his cigar had also prospered in wordly affairs since he left the prison.

"Well, Josh, my boy, began Mr. Mickleroed, "how do you like it? House all right, isn't it? I told them to put everything square for you before I went away."

"You told them," said Mr. Bamlett; "but what on earth had you to do with it?"

"Everything," replied his friend; "I'm not Charley Mickleroed now, you know, but Charles Mickleroed Masterton, lord of this manor and patron of this living. Position, £1,000 a year, and no duties to speak of. Some day. Wouldn't that be a joke, eh, Josh?"

"I don't understand," said the vicar, feebly.

"Ah! I suppose you never heard of my great Uncle Masterton. Well, I hardly ever did before I came out of—you know what. It seems he quarreled with my mother's mother for marrying my grandfather. She was his only near relation, and until the newspapers brought me to his notice, he was actually without any one to leave his money to. He was pleased to say I was a man of spirit, and made me *de facto* what I already was *de jure*—his heir. Poor old chap! we were only together a month before he died. The only thing he asked me to do was to take his name.

"Then you were the patron of this living when Mr. Sloman died!" said Mr. Bamlett, in a disapproved tone. It is a pleasant to find that favor merit, after all, has led to our advancement.

"Certainly I was, old fellow, and I knew no one who deserved it better than you. Shouldn't have cared if I had, either. I owe you more than this for that tobacco," replied his friend.

"Don't, pray don't, put it on that ground. Charley," remonstrated the other; "you cannot imagine the trouble my conscience has given me over that matter. If I had known the offer came from you, I should not have accepted the living."

"Just what I was afraid of," retorted his friend; "that's why I sent it through my solicitors."

Then Mr. Bamlett talked of resigning, but his friend, though with some difficulty, persuaded him to abandon the idea.

"Well, you know your way up to the hall," said Charles, at parting. "By the by, you'll find some more old friends of yours at the lodge. Fine young Mason's chap gats keeper. He and his family came down yesterday. Wonder if he ever smelt that tobacco. Sometimes I fancied he did."

The clergyman sincerely hoped Mr. Smith's olfactory nerves were not that keen. Whether they were or not, that judicious individual never breathed a word on the subject. No one in the parish ever knew that the man who, with a military salute, threw open the park gate as the vicar went up to see his friend, the squire, had done the same thing before when the clergyman visited the layman under very different circumstances.

The squire was popular, and made a good landlord, but the vicar never could persuade him to take life as seriously as he would have liked. Occasionally the pair talked over the lamp breaking exploit. The vicar proved conclusively that it was wrong and foolish, and his friend admitted it, maintaining, nevertheless, that it was no use showing a man that a winning outsider really had no chance, and that the result of the race was a fluke, after he's backed the animal and got his money.

For the Maine Farmer.

SAVED FROM THE FIRE.

A Story of Life in the Far West.

In a snug little home, in the western part of Wisconsin, lived a family by the name of Carroll, and their only child a young lady of 19 summers, was as perfect a picture of health and beauty as one could wish to see.

Sweet Elsie Carroll was well known among the few homes in that "Rural District," and none ever knew her but to love her. She was her father's idol, and her mother's pride and comfort, and as John Carroll was a successful man, and the owner of many broad acres, his daughter had been educated and given every accomplishment that wealth could afford, and it is not to be wondered at that John Carroll considered his daughter far above any of the honest, hard working fellows around there, or in the surrounding towns. There was one young farmer in the place that sweet Elsie favored, and if her father had taken the trouble to watch them in their meeting after a few days absence, he would have seen enough to convince him of his fears, and have confirmed his worst fears concerning his daughter. For John Carroll, although a good man at heart, had a wretched temper, and nothing would arouse it so quickly, as anything concerning his daughter's welfare. If he had seen the drooping of those sweet, blue eyes, and the half timid way in which Elsie greeted Will Elverton and the love that shone forth in the clear, dark, honest eyes of his, he would have been aroused to sudden fury.

In the neighbors' estimation, Will Elverton was in every way a match for Elsie Carroll. His farm was joined to her father's, and although his acres were not so many, were far superior in richness of their soil. And in manliness or straightforwardness of character, there was not one that could compare with handsome, honest, Will Elverton.

"Elsie, my darling, do you love me well enough to wait until I go away and make a home for you? It is madness to dream of such a thing as a union between us while your father is so opposed to it; but if you love me well enough to wait, I will go away and work hard for you, and make a home for you where you shall reign supreme."

"Oh, Will, my love, do not leave me. I shall be so lonely without you, and perhaps by-and-by father will relent, and we can be happy together here."

"Never, love; I know your father far too well to ever dream of such a thing, and I must go. But remember, Elsie, the time will come when your father will bless our love and consent to our union. Until then, my darling, farewell."

"Oh, Will, I cannot let you go. I shall die if you leave me. Stay for my sake."

"No, love, I must go. Good-bye, my dearest Elsie, mine until death." And with passionate kisses on cheek and brow, he was gone, leaving poor Elsie to sob her very heart out as it seemed, all for a father's foolish pride. After a while she aroused herself, thinking her father would be very angry to find her here in defiance of his wishes. Slowly and wearily she started towards the house, thinking to herself what would life be to her without Will.

Suddenly a strange odor filled the air, and she could distinctly hear at a distance the crackling of brush. Instantly the thought flashed through her mind, "the forest is on fire," and she must fly for her life, also for the lives of those she loved. On she flew, never stopping to look behind or minding the stones and brush, until she reached her father's house and rushed into his arms, screaming:

"Hurry, father, mother! hurry for the love of your life. The forest is all on fire, and in a few moments this house will be overtaken."

White to the very lips, John Carroll seized two of his best horses, and on one placed his only daughter; and with one arm around his weeping wife, bid good-bye to his happy home, and together they began the race for life. Over walls and fields, through brooks and meadows they go, while behind them come the threatening flames, until it seemed they must surely perish. The horses were covered with foam, and it was certain they could not hold out much longer. On, on, they go. Would they perish so near a place of safety? Just ahead was a field of plowed furrows. Could they reach it? One moment, and only one, before they landed, safe and free from all harm, beyond the reach of the flames.

As John Carroll and his wife reached the ground, they turned to look for their daughter, certain to find her right behind. But, oh, merciful heaven! she was not there. It was worse than death to think of their only and idolized child amidst the flames. John Carroll was about to mount his horse to start back and find Elsie, and die with her, if need be, when a horse and rider dashed into sight.

"Elsie! Where is Elsie?" he cried. And then, before any one could speak, he seemed to take in the situation. "Oh, my God! is she left for the flames?" and with a cry for help from above, he started in pursuit.

"Oh, heaven! if I should be too late," he cried, for just ahead came the flames, rushing and roaring with new strength. But hark! what was that faint sound by his ear? "Great heaven! it is Elsie," he cried. Her horse had fallen beneath her, and she had remained insensible to her fate. Quick as a flash of lightning, he had Elsie on the stirrup behind him, and again took up this maddening race, while showering kisses on the white, upturned face of his love. The minutes seemed hours as on they sped. One moment only remained. Could he reach her father and mother in safety? One moment, but, thank heaven, they were safe.

With a mighty cry of joy, Will sprang from his horse, and with Elsie clasped in his arms, fell in a dead faint at John Carroll's feet.

"God be praised!" whispered John Carroll, as he looked on the face of his only child; and then, as his eyes rested on the face of her preserver, he prayed to God to spare his life, that he might make amends for the wrong he had done him.

And now there is not a happier couple to be found than Will Elverton and Elsie Carroll. And Will often blesses fate that brought him there in time to save the life of one he loved so well. And she is doubly dear to him by being saved from the fire.

Bucksport. INA F. SMITH.

Choice Miscellany.

Wild Ride with a Maniac.

Nearly Drives a Man and Woman to death.

Leonard Eppig, a brewer, of Williamsburg, and his wife, had an experience with a lunatic, the other night, which they are not likely to forget in years.

They had been out driving, and were returning to their home at a leisurely pace, when they saw a man jump over the fence around a public school. Straight for the carriage the man ran. Mr. Eppig pulled up his horse, fearful that he might run down the fellow.

With a bound the man jumped up at the carriage, and landed almost upon the brewer's knees. He seized Mr. Eppig by the coat collar, and made a desperate effort to throw him from the carriage. Finding that he could not succeed, and seeing that Mrs. Eppig's screams were attracting attention, he seized the reins from Mr. Eppig's hands, pulled the horse in the track, and lashing the horse, soon had it dashing along the pavement at its topmost speed.

By this time the pedestrians saw that something unusual was occurring, and a score or more were running after the carriage. Mrs. Eppig continued to scream, and this attracted the attention of Policemen Blennstone and Hagenbacher of the Cedar street police station. They soon joined in the chase, but there was very little hope of their ever reaching the carriage, for the frenzied driver continued to whip the thoroughly frightened horse.

The horse turned into Central avenue, and there Policeman Terry, of Justice Goetting's court, saw it approaching. He ran into the middle of the street, and as the horse passed he seized the bridle. He was dragged from his feet, and although in imminent danger of being trampled to death he held on.

To add to his discomfiture, the strange driver plied his whip upon the policeman's head and shoulders, and every once in a while lashed the horse, making it all the harder for the policeman to bring the horse to a standstill. He succeeded in doing this, however, after he had been dragged further than a block.

Then the driver dropped reins and whip, and jumping to the street attacked the almost exhausted policeman. Over and over they rolled upon the pavement, Mr. Eppig being so excited that he could not render any assistance to the brave man who had saved himself and his wife from what must have been certain injury. Two other policemen arrived at the time, but they, too, found it impossible to overcome the man, who was fighting with the strength of a Hercules.

They called to their aid a number of bystanders, and then the man was overpowered, and was tied with ropes. An ambulance was called, and the man was taken to St. Catherine's Hospital, but the authorities refused to receive him. He was then taken to the Ralph avenue police station, where he gave his name as Charles Wansiger. Late in the night a relative of his called at the station house, and said that Wansiger was undoubtedly crazed by excessive drinking.

Mrs. Eppig, who was prostrated by fright, was removed to her home, where she lies in a serious condition.

For the Maine Farmer.

Studies in Sacred Song—X.

We come now to the epoch of Dr. Isaac Watts, who may justly be styled the father of English hymnology, for most of those who preceded him were but novices in comparison.

His father, Isaac Watts, kept a boarding school in Southampton, England, and was deacon of an Independent church. As such he was persecuted and imprisoned for not conforming to the established church. The son was born in 1674. It is related that whilst the father was in prison, the mother was known to sit on a stone near the prison door suckling her son Isaac. The boy was educated at Southampton, and at a seminary in London. He was a diligent student, and became a learned man. At the age of 18 he complained of the taste of the hymns sung in the church at Southampton, and was requested to write something better. He composed a hymn commencing,

"Behold the glories of the Lamb,"

which was sung and approved, and soon afterwards he produced others, and they were published in a book, and immediately became popular. He commenced preaching before he was 20. After spending some years as a tutor in a family, he became assistant pastor, and afterwards pastor of an Independent church in London. He was the author of several prose works which had great currency at the time. He wrote many favorite hymns for children. After several severe fits of sickness, he spent the last 36 years of his life in the family of Sir Thomas Abney, only preaching when his health admitted.

Dr. Watts never married. He was enamored of a lady who afterwards became the celebrated Mrs Elizabeth Rowe, a lady of great charms of person and mind, a poetess, and the author of several books, amongst others, "Letters from the Dead." His suit was unsuccessful. The lady said she liked the jewel, but not the casket that contained it. Watts was small, and his person not attractive. After her death he wrote her biography.

Dr. Watts continued to write hymns from year to year. He made a metrical version of the psalms. His numerous hymns and psalms are not all of equal merit, but many of them have retained their popularity, and are found in the hymn books of all sects of Christians. Butterworth, in his "Story of the Hymns," says, "His name holds a steady place as a benefactor, and his quaint thoughts, like ministering angels, still traverse every portion of the Christian world on the multitudinous wings of song."

His grave in Bun Hill Fields cemetery, in the heart of London, is much frequented by travelers, as well as his monument in Westminster Abbey. He died in 1748, aged 72.

On the occasion of his early disappointment, he said to have written the hymn commencing,

"How vain are all things here below."

One stanza is as follows, evincing that the blow was severe:

"The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence."

The hymn beginning,

"There is a land of pure delight,"

was written while sitting at a parlor window in Southampton, in full view of the beautiful scenery of the isle of Wight, the garden of England.

The lines in another hymn,

"Were Satan loosed around the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,"

may have been suggested by the same view, looking across the waters from Southampton to the charming verdure of the island.

One of Watts' hymns most widely used, commences,

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"

closing with a stanza beginning,

"There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest."

The thought in the last line is supposed to have borrowed its pleasing imagery from a view of the calm and peaceful waters of the harbor of Southampton.

The hymn beginning,

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does its successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more,"

is a version in part of Psalm 72. It has been sung for 250 years, and now finds new application as a missionary hymn.

The hymn commencing,

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Can give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain,
But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,"

is said to have led to the conversion of a fewess, who found it on the wrapper of a parcel she had bought, when she became a Christian her husband abandoned her, and she suffered poverty and persecution for her faith.

A young man who had been hardened by hearing a severe doctrinal sermon, on reading the hymn beginning,

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,"

was melted to tears, and was led to a rich religious experience.

One of Watts' noblest hymns was sung by John Wesley when dying. The first stanza reads:

"I'll praise my Master while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."

The hymn beginning,

"My God, the spring of all my joys,"

has been a favorite with many, and expresses a rich spiritual experience.

Another, often repeated near the close of life, commences:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Opinions may differ in the choice of favorite hymns. Where so many are good, it is not easy to select. One critic considers Watts' version of the 90th psalm his finest paraphrase. I give a few stanzas:

"A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

"Tbine, like an ever-welling stream,
Bears all his sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

"The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years."

Of all Watts' original hymns, there is perhaps none superior in conception and execution to the following:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God.
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

"See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

H. K. B.

HOW THE COUNTRYMEN WON. *Mr. Editor:* Twenty years ago I heard Major Dill, late of Phillips, tell a story about a horse race that he was an eye witness to in Massachusetts. He had driven a drove of cattle; he had sold out and about ready to start for home, and he had a little time to spare, so he went on to the race course for a short time, and there were two young men there that called themselves brothers; they had been to Brighton with a drove of cattle from the Granite State. They had each one of them a horse with nothing but a bridle on. They had left their saddles outside, and stood looking at the horses racing. They began to make some conversation. Jim said to Tom, "How pleased dad would be if we should bet $100 on one of our horses and win." "Yes," Tom said, "but if we should lose, then dad would give us fits." A crowd gathered around them, encouraging them to bet. So they concluded to risk $100, and they found plenty of men to take their bet. Jim says to Tom, "Which one had we better let run, the old mare or the colt?" Tom said, "I guess we had better let the old mare run." So Jim led the old mare up to the line. He stood holding on to the bridle near the old mare's ears, when some one said, "Get on; the hat will drop in a minute, and you will get left." He did so in a hurry," and then they noticed that the throat-latch was unbuckled, and they began to take the hint. The hat dropped at the same time Jim slipped the bridle off, and away went the old mare, looking first to the right and then to the left to see where the other horses were, and she came out several rods ahead, and the two brothers began to congratulate one another. "How pleased dad will be now," said Major Dill said there was the greatest shouting he ever heard.

G. W. L.

Augusta.

OUR LIMIT OF POPULATION. According to a recent census bulletin, the quantity of land and water surface in the United States is 98.16 and 1.84 per cent. respectively. This bulletin also gives the area of the states and territories by counties, and the classification of the latter by sizes. The average number of persons to each square mile of the land surface of the Union is 21.08. As illustrative of the sustaining capacity of the United States, the bulletin says that, if Texas, the largest state in the union, was as thickly populated as the state of Rhode Island, it would have 83,533,628 inhabitants, while if the United States had a density of population equal to that of Rhode Island, the population of the Union, instead of being 63,622,250, would reach the enormous sum of 945,706,900, or nearly two-thirds of the present population of the world.

The chickens aren't always tender, but then it has been a pretty tough spring part of the time.

Young Folks' Column.

My First Tiger.

A Bit of Life in the Jungles of India.

We, that is the Major, Doctor and myself, had been pottering about the outskirts of the Teral for some days, hoping to get news of a tiger. We had just pitched our camp, when our shikarri, Ali by name, came hurriedly to our tent, saying that the headman of a neighboring village wished to speak with us. With him were some of the villagers, who came as a deputation, praying us to rid them of a tiger that was playing sad havoc with their cattle. The proposition was jumped at, and with Ali and two of his assistants I returned to the village with the headman. A wretched specimen of a bullock was bought for a few rupees, and was led out into the jungle. A good spot was found in an open space that at some time or another had been cleared for cultivation. A dead tree stood conveniently near the dense forest, and to this the bullock was tied, and we left the poor brute to its fate, while two men climbed into a tree to watch. Dinner was ready by the time I returned to camp, and the Major told us some of his previous experiences with tigers. The Doctor had been on many a tiger hunt, but had never yet bagged one of the royal quarry. The fact of the matter was that he was mad on ornithology, and he confessed that on more than one occasion he had been watching some rare specimen of the feathered tribe, and lost the golden opportunity for a good shot.

We turned in early, and soon the camp was hushed in silence, but the forest was alive with animal and insect life. Thousands of stridulating cicada seemed to make the very air vibrate, while here and there among the bushes the fire-flies flashed to and fro. Above all the insect chorus, however, could be heard the howl of the hyena or the bark of the prowling jackal.

Daylight saw us astir, and with it came the welcome news that the tiger had killed our bait during the night. Chautahazri, consisting of coffee and eggs, was soon disposed of and we climbed into the howdah, strapped to our solitary elephant, and started for the village. Here all was excitement when we arrived. The headman had already mustered all available hands for beaters. Tom-toms, tin cans, and short cudgels formed their armament, and it was a motley crew that marched out of the village that morning.

As we walked silently along the jungle path for we had left the elephant at the edge of the forest, getting more and more wet every step from the dew-drops we shook from the tall grass or overhanging boughs, the whole line was suddenly brought to a stand still.

In front was the village shikarri, then followed the Major, I. The latter was the cause of the halt. As the Major and myself pushed to the front, we saw him cautiously pointing to a tree above him with one hand, while the other was stretched out before him.

"What the deuce is it?" asked the Major.

"Don't you see it?" asked the Doctor, excitedly. "Where's that fool with my gun?"

"Do you mean that infernal little bird?" questioned the Major.

"My dear Major, that's one of the rarest finches. Where's my gun?" continued the Doctor, in Hindostanee.

For a moment we were speechless, but the sight of the half-frightened servant coming up with the gun loosened at least the Major's tongue. He seized the gun himself, and turning to the Doctor, said, "Do you mean to say you are thinking of shooting that bird?"

"Of course I am," answered the astonished Doctor.

"And give the tiger notice of our approach! I've a hanged good mind to shoot you first," angrily retorted the Major.

"By Jove! I forgot all about the tiger." There was no doubt he had.

As we entered the open space, signs were not wanting that the bullock had been killed, for sitting on the boughs of trees were vultures, while others were circling above in the air. As we came in sight of the carcass two jackals were seen running for the shelter of the neighboring jungle, while some of the carrion were gorging themselves on the corpse. The tiger had made a meal of the hind-quarters, and we could easily trace its spoor down toward the nullah or water-course.

The Doctor, who had won first choice of stations, determined to take up his position in the fork of a tree that commanded the open patch, and also a short stretch of the nullah. The Major and myself had to make a detour to take up our posts lower down the water-course, as in all probability "stripes" would conclude to cross it, and seek for shelter in the dense jungle beyond.

Half an hour saw us in position. The Major ensconced himself behind a rock, with a capital view of the now nearly dry river bed, which just at the foot of the rock on which I lay took a sharp turn to the left.

It was not long before the silence of the jungle was broken by the noise of the villagers.

There are few things more exciting than waiting to get your first sight of a tiger. Despite the knowledge that one must keep cool, the nerves get the upper hand, and it seemed as though the holding of the rifle steady had become an impossibility.

Now and again the long grass that bordered the nullah stirred, as some deer, fog, or jackal, fearful of the din, would dash across the shallow stream, and vanish in the jungle that stretched for miles behind me.

I was peering into the thick undergrowth, when suddenly Ali touched me and whispered "Bagh! bagh!" (tiger, tiger,) pointing toward the plot.

Yes, standing out in the open with its head turned in the direction of the din and hub bub, lungeing and switching its tail, stood a magnificent tiger. For some seconds—they seemed an hour—that tiger stood there some 200 yards from me, and then turned back into the woods. The noise of the beaters grew louder and louder, and I was beginning to fear that the beast intended to break through their line, when, almost exactly opposite me, the tall grass was gently pushed aside and out into the full glare of day stepped the tiger. It started to pass down the nullah, but for a second halted on a slab of rock to listen to the noise of its enemies.

It was a splendid shot. A sharp crack of a rifle, and down to my joy I saw him quarry lying on its stomach, tearing up the ground around in its impotent rage, and growling as only a tiger can. There was no necessity for a second shot, for as we scrambled to the top of the rock that had concealed us, the royal brute rolled over on its side, while a stream of blood from its mouth made assurance doubly sure.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Seeing and Observing.

On a fine summer evening two boys were walking along a country road. One of them, Walter, was the son of a clergyman of the village. Frederick's father was a wealthy farmer. They were particular friends, and were often found in each other's company. It was bright moonlight, and the shadows of the trees were sharply distinct on the ground.

"How bright the moon is!" said Frederick, standing still to look at it. "And how round! It looks like a ball."

"Yes," assented Walter. "How large do you think the moon is, Fred?" Walter was a little inclined to be priggish.

"I—don't—know," replied Frederick. He had never thought about it. "I should think it must be about as large—as a good-sized milk-pan!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Walter. "A milk-pan indeed! Why, Fred, it's as big as the whole United States."

"Nonsense! I don't believe it," declared Frederick, stoutly. "It couldn't be. Who told you so?"

"Father told me. That is, he said so in a lecture he gave the other day. A milk-pan!"

"I don't believe it," repeated Frederick.

"I didn't know you were so ignorant, Fred," returned Walter.

"How dare you—"

Frederick was just on the point of flying into a rage, when, looking down the road, he happened to see Harold walking toward them.

Harold was no older than either of the other boys. He had not been at school any longer. His father had little time to give the lectures at seminary, but he had taught Harold to observe and remember what he saw.

"Harold," called Frederick, "Walter is trying to make me believe one of his wonderful yarns."

"What's the trouble?" asked Harold.

"Why," said Frederick, who by this time had got within talking distance, "he says that the moon is as big as the whole United States. Did you ever hear such a ridiculous fish-story?"

Harold looked at the moon a minute before he answered. "How big do you say it is, Fred?"

"Why, I should think it was as big as a very large milk-pan. Well"—seeing Harold smile—"perhaps a little bigger. But the whole United States! Ridiculous!" He looked contemptuously at Walter, who only laughed.

"Well," began Harold, slowly, "I don't know just how big the moon really is, but it must be a great deal bigger than you think, Frederick. The spire of our church is forty feet high; that is the width of my father's house; and see how small it looks, just because it is so far up in the air. Now, the moon is a very long way off, Fred, so it must be at any rate a great deal larger than this town—perhaps twice as big; it must be at least that.

Harold spoke timidly. He did not positively know anything about the moon, and only compared it with other things, as he was in the habit of doing.

Both the other boys laughed and jeered at him. Walter was amused because Harold thought it so small, and Frederick shouted because Harold thought it so big; and they were both so much entertained with Harold's silliness that they made up their quarrel and went home together.

As for Harold, he hastily resolved to find out just how large the moon really was before he was a day older. But which of the three boys showed the most intelligence?

IT PAYS

To be cautious in the choice of medicines. Many are injured by trying experiments with compounds purporting to be blood-purifiers, the principal recommendation of which would seem to be their "cheapness." Being made up of worthless, though not always harmless, ingredients, they may well be "cheap;" but, in the end, they are dear. The most reliable medicines are costly, and can be retailed at moderate prices, only when the manufacturing chemist handles the raw materials in large quantities. It is economy, therefore,

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Let them beware; a day of reckoning will surely come, there are "upright judges" in the land who will punish such people.

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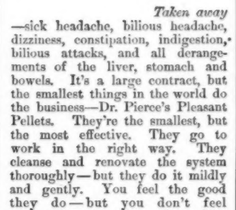

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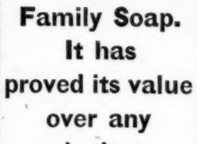

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